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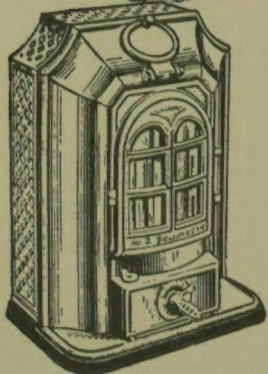
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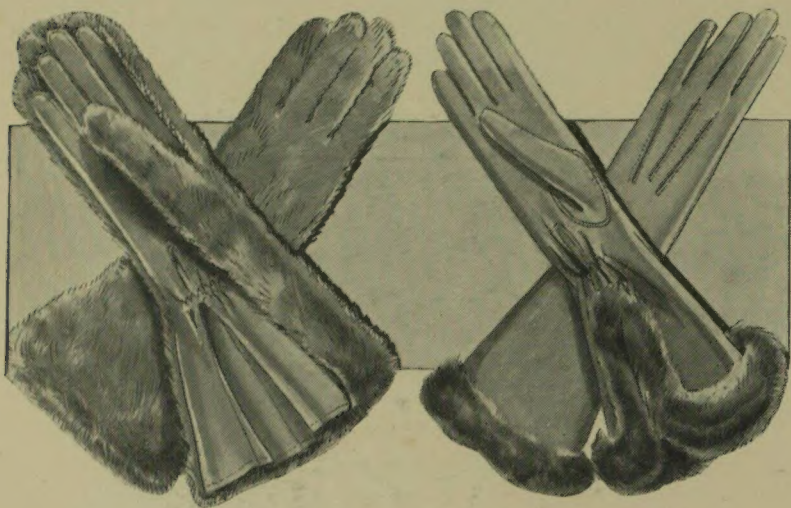
555 VIRGINIA

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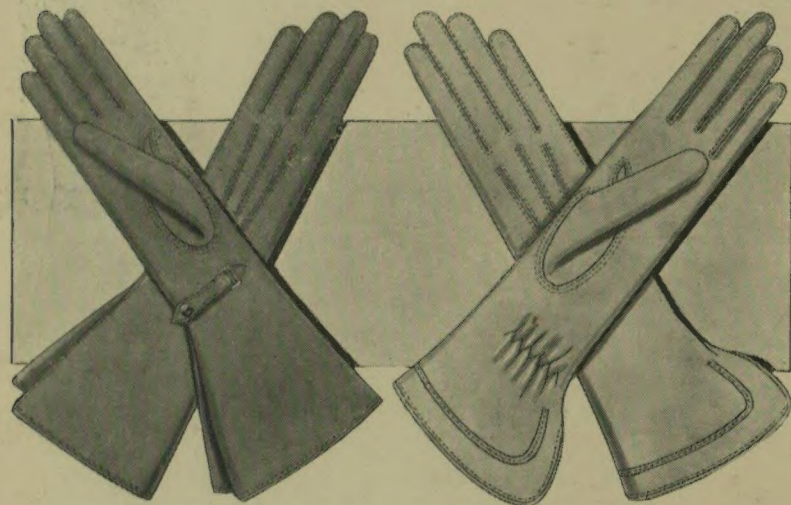
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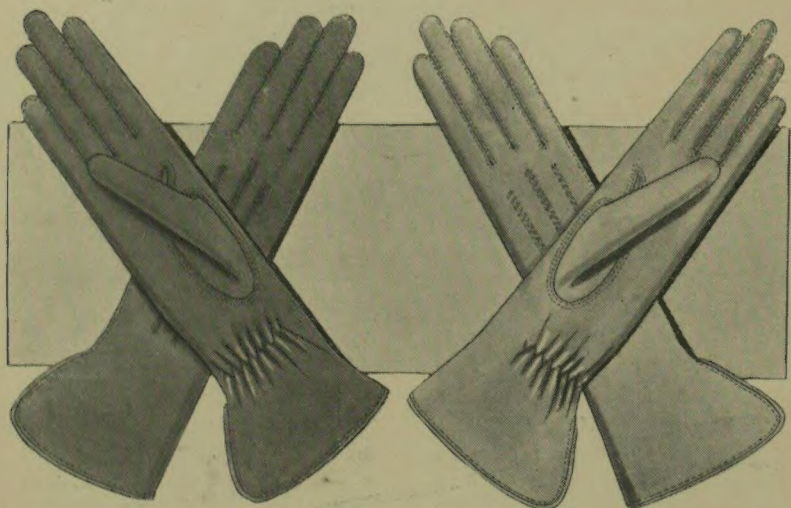
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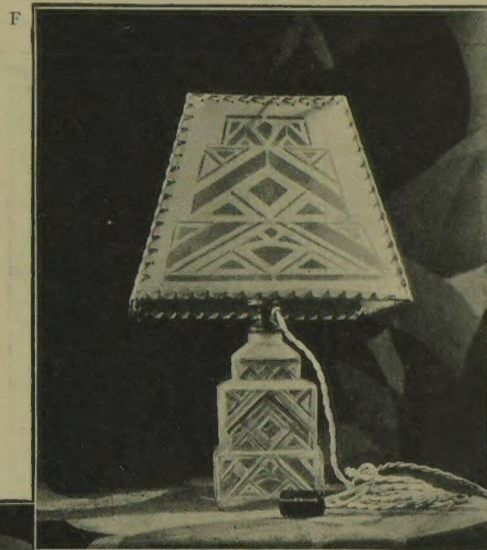
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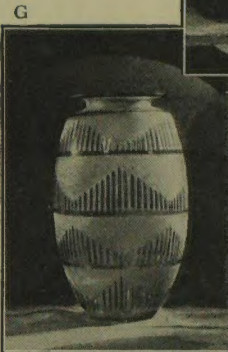
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Sighs Jerry as he strives to creep,
And stubs his toes against the rocks,
Ascending Everest in socks;
What can he do but slip and slide
Meeting a moving mountain-side?

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Where everything is safe and flat,
But though his limbs are sadly weak
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1930.

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MILITARY DISPLAY TO CELEBRATE THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLUTION: THE PARADE AT THE NEW LENIN MAUSOLEUM IN THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW.

November 7 and 8 were general holidays in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, days set apart for the celebration of the thirteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. On the occasion, the completion of the new Lenin Mausoleum, in the Krasnaya Ploshchad (the Red Square), at Moscow, was announced; and, of course, the armed forces of the city were paraded. The great tomb, which is under the north wall of the Kremlin, and is seen to the left centre of the photograph, takes the place of the temporary wooden structure

which soon became world-famous. It was begun in July of last year. Three kinds of granite went to its making, granite of three colours; and its top, its colonnade, its main hall, and the inscription, "Lenin," on the monolith at the entrance are of porphyry from Karelia. Its weight is over 10,000 tons. There is a report that Lenin's body may not be placed in it, for a while at least, for the embalmed remains, it is said, are showing the ravages of Time. Only the face of the dead leader is visible, through a hole in the coffin-lid.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SUPPOSE people will go on till the crack of doom saying (as somebody said the other day) that Browning expressed the opinion that God is in his heaven and therefore all is right with the world. I could mention a number of other opinions that Browning expressed, in exactly the same method and degree. I could point out that Browning said, in his gay and careless fashion: "Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?" doubtless referring to Mrs. Browning. I could note that Browning observed, when brooding on his own immediate course of action: "Or there's Satan . . . one might venture pledge one's soul to him." It will occur to every reader of the poet that he observed on a celebrated occasion: "Lo! lieth flat and loveth Setebos," presumably prostrating himself upon the carpet in Wimpole Street. It will also be recalled that Browning, after confessing to various frauds and lies, virulently cursed the patron to whom he had confessed them, saying: "I only wish I dared burn down the house and spoil your sniggering." If these incidents in the life of the poet cause any surprise, it may be well to explain that they are, in fact, incidents in the lives of his characters; and so is the much-quoted phrase about all being "right with the world." It is not a remark made by Browning, but a remark made by Pippa in a dramatic work by Browning. Even those who know that the remark occurs in a lyric do not always know that the lyric occurs in a drama. It has therefore a double right to be considered dramatic. It is a remark made by a particular dramatic character on a particular dramatic occasion, and, above all, for a particular dramatic reason. And the reason is not a desire to show that all is right with the world, but to bring out in sharp contrast the fact that there is a great deal very wrong with it.

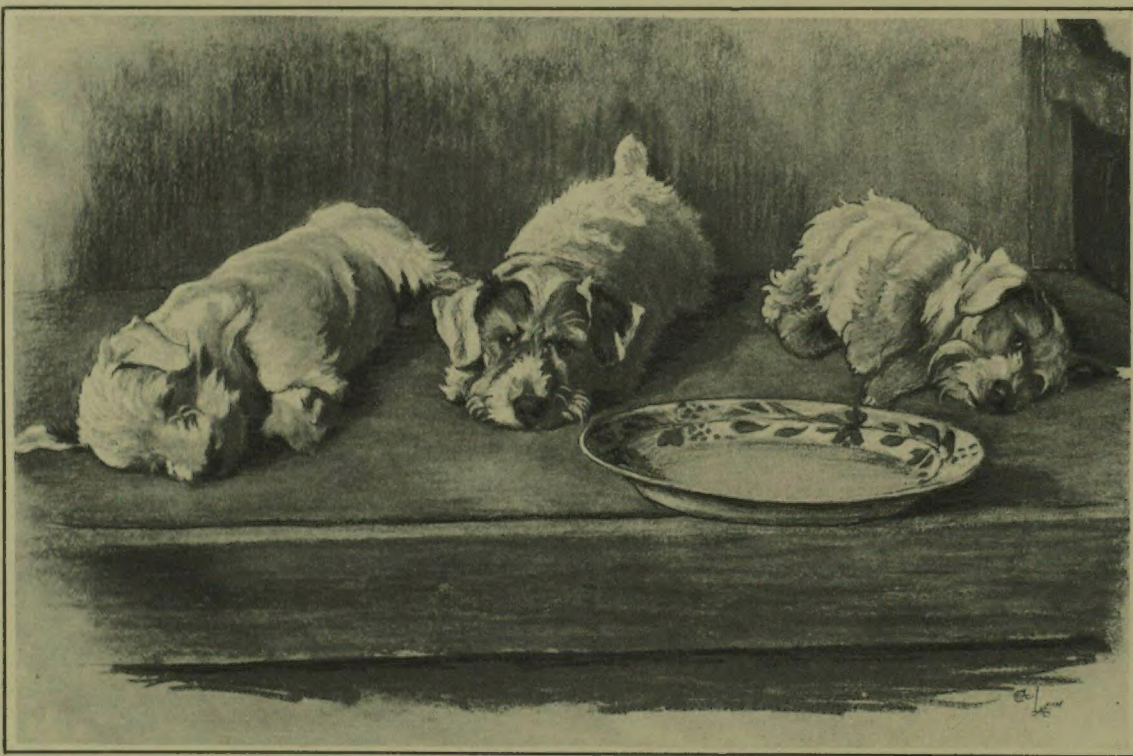
So far as that is concerned, the facts (as everybody knows, or ought to know) are these. The idea of the play called "Pippa Passes" is that a very poor girl, on her one solitary holiday, goes singing through the world in a state of perfect innocence and therefore of perfect gaiety. In doing so she crosses various human groups who are the very reverse of innocent or gay, each of whom is at some crisis of crime or sin or sorrow. In each case, as she passes, she sings a song, of which the innocence tingles through them in the form of irony. She passes by a house where a wife has just seduced her lover into murdering her husband, and, by way of the last violence of contrast, sings a little song about the morning being so beautiful that all seems to be right with the world. One would have thought it would have occurred to most readers that Browning was not very likely to think that assassination and adultery were actually examples of the rightness of the world. The point was not, of course, that all was right with the world, but that all was right with Pippa, because she had kept herself unspotted from the world.

It is perhaps worth while to mention this queer old blunder about Browning, and what is called his

optimism, because we have since seen a great deal of optimism that is very much less reasonable than his. Browning did, indeed, believe that God is in his heaven, though the mere fact of the song of Pippa would not prove that he did. He did believe in God; and, curiously enough, he is not entirely alone in that, and in some quarters the curious superstition is even spreading anew. But he did not believe that all was right with the world, in the sense that there is no wickedness, madness, or misery in it; and his works possibly contain a larger and more varied assortment of blackguards, miscreants, maniacs, and miserably deluded people than those of any writer of his time. And if you had gone to Robert Browning with the definite and deliberate doctrine, "There is no pain or evil," he would certainly have classed you among the maniacs. He would very probably have written a long, ingenious, and partly incomprehensible poem about you in blank verse; but the impression would be even less

that the work-girl shall sing optimistically about her work, as well as about her holiday. She must sing a new song of optimism even as she labours; to the effect that the Boss is in his office and all is right with the world.

Curiously enough, all this new sort of optimism can be traced back to a sort of scepticism which is very much nearer to pessimism. It may almost, in a sense, be traced back to a great pessimist. Nobody ever accused Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, as depicted by Shakespeare, of being an American optimist. Nobody ever reproached Hamlet with being a hustler, a go-getter, a business man with plenty of pep and sand, an active and animated member of Rotary. But these busy business men are all acting on a philosophical principle drawn from Hamlet, and thoroughly typical of Hamlet: "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." That is the original germ of Christian Science, but also the original germ of Business Optimism. I believe that those mystics, the members of the American business clubs, go about with large labels or buttons on their coats inscribed with the words "Trade is Good." The savage who thinks he can hurt a man by writing his name in the dust could hardly be more superstitious. But, anyhow, for good or evil, whether it be superstition or science, it marks a belief in the power of words over things, or, if you will, of ideas over realities, which goes far beyond the dreams of the older optimists. Some of this sect of optimists, I believe, recently held a sort of religious ceremony in which they cursed an old woman dressed up as Mrs. Pessimism, and bowed down before a queen called Mrs. Optimism. That does not seem very far from lying flat and loving Setebos.



"FOR WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED."—BY CECIL ALDIN: A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE WITH "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Cecil Aldin's characteristic dog picture, "For What We Are About to Receive," was so great a success, when given as a presentation plate with "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number of last year, that the presentation plate for this year's number, which will be on sale on Monday, November 24, was selected as a sequel to it. This new plate, a miniature of which is seen above, is entitled "For What We Have Received," and will certainly be as popular as the predecessor with which it pairs. As to the rest of the Christmas Number, we can assure our readers that it will be found to be as artistic and as entertaining as usual. Here we can but mention that twenty-four pages in colours figure in it, and that these include a very fine set of pictures by Segrelles, illustrating stories from the "Arabian Nights," in the manner of his famous "Don Quixote" and "Beethoven" series; that a feature is made of remarkable examples of Japanese theatrical prints; and that there are stories by such distinguished authors as Valentine Williams, L. P. Hartley, H. F. M. Prescott, Elisabeth Kyle, Winifred Duke, and Reginald Campbell.

pleasing than that of Sludge the Medium or Caliban. Yet the same people who go on quoting poor Pippa's little song as a proof that Browning was absurdly optimistic, have lived to see the preaching of an optimism that he would have thought utterly absurd.

I remarked recently on this page that the new optimism, though it expresses itself in commerce and journalism, and especially in advertisement, probably has, like everything else, its roots in religion. Its essence, or at least its extreme expression, is to be found in what is called Christian Science. Anyhow, it does what Browning and the old optimists never dreamed of doing—it denies the actual reality of evil in experience. At any rate, it maintains that, by ignoring evil, we can expel it from experience. It is this which is the last phase of philosophy popular in America, and to some extent in England. And it has gone very much further than the human holiday cheerfulness of the poor Italian work-girl in Browning's poem. For one thing, the American optimist especially insists

I protested a week or two ago, in this place, against the abominable slander of suggesting that most Americans are like these people. Most Americans laugh at them, even more derisively and destructively than we do. America may be a country of strange sects, but it is also a country of almost continuous satire on strange sects. Nobody needs to add anything to the satire of Mark Twain and some more recent writers on people like Mrs. Eddy. But it is worthy of remark that America has given birth, among many other strange sects, to this strange sect of the commercial optimist, who may perhaps be best defined as the Unrealist. The creed is perhaps the corruption of many good things, of the ancient American hope and pioneering courage gone wild. But, as there seems a tendency, even in England, to boost this mere religion of boosting, an Englishman may be allowed to protest that it is preposterously unsuited to England and is not really respected even in America. Christian Science may or may not start with the assumption that God is in his heaven and all is right with the world; it is a subject for a respectful debate with Christian Scientists. But Christianity emphatically began with the assumptions that God is in his heaven and all is wrong with the world; and from those two things the whole Christian theory proceeds.



A HOUSE IN THE ST. JEAN QUARTER OF LYONS CUT THROUGH BY THE LANDSLIDE: A LARGE BUILDING TYPICAL OF SEVERAL WHICH, DIVIDED INTO FAMILY APARTMENTS, WERE THE SCENES OF MUCH LOSS OF LIFE.



A ROAD BLOCKED WITH EARTH AND DÉBRIS ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE SAÔNE AT LYONS: A RESCUE PARTY AT WORK.



A VEHICLE IN WHICH A PARTY OF RESCUERS MET A TRAGIC FATE: AN AMBULANCE WHICH WAS SMASHED BY FALLING DÉBRIS AND IN WHICH WOUNDED AND FIREMEN WERE KILLED.

THE LANDSLIDE DISASTER AT LYONS: OVERWHELMED HOUSES; AND THE THREATENED HOSPITAL OF CHAZEUX.



WHERE FIREMEN AND POLICE ENGAGED IN RESCUE WORK WERE BURIED: A RUINED STREET; SHOWING SHORING-UP ARRANGEMENTS AND PREPARATIONS FOR CLEARING AWAY THE DÉBRIS.

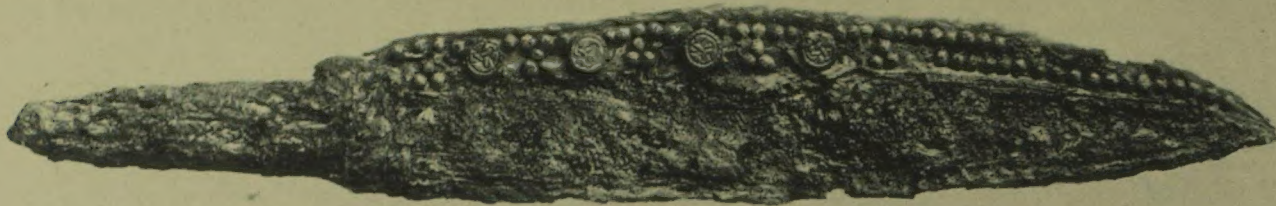


WITH CHAZEUX HOSPITAL (AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE IN THE BACKGROUND) LEFT STANDING ABOVE A SHEER PRECIPICE: A DEVASTATED AREA OF FALLEN WOODWORK, BRICKS AND TILES.

The photographs reproduced on this page give an impression of the appalling catastrophe which recently overtook the picturesque quarter of St. Jean, on the right bank of the River Saône at Lyons. The disaster, as is now generally known, was due to the collapse of an important retaining wall (through the action of water underground, following on recent heavy rains) involving the mound of Fourvières and a number of large inhabited buildings situated below it. The first break occurred at about one o'clock on the morning of November 13, and was followed by a series of falls—at first involving further loss of life. It is, none the less, now stated that, in spite of the tragic death of a number of

firemen and policemen, who were trapped while assisting in the search for victims, the original estimate of one hundred casualties was exaggerated; the deaths appear to be about fifty. The collapse of the Chazeaux Hospital seemed threatened by its situation on the edge of a sheer precipice, below which all the earth has fallen away. Experts recently reported that the famous Basilica of Fourvières, which stands somewhat above the Chazeaux Hospital, and was believed to be threatened, is not in serious danger, as it is founded on solid rock reaching far down into the hill. M. Tardieu, the Prime Minister, sent a special telegram of sympathy to M. Herriot, who is mayor of Lyons.

MORE DISCOVERIES AT COLOGNE: NEW TREASURES OF ROMAN AND FRANKISH ART.



A FRANKISH SWORD OF IRON, WITH REMAINS OF A PRESSED LEATHER SHEATH, RICHLY MOUNTED WITH BRONZE BUTTONS: A WEAPON FOUND IN A GRAVE OF ABOUT 600 A.D. AT COLOGNE.



A TOY HORSEMAN OF WHITE CLAY, IN GALIC DRESS, THE HORSE'S LEGS PIERCED FOR WHEEL-AXLES: A FIGURE BEARING THE MARK OF THE ARTIST (NAMED ROXTANTUS).

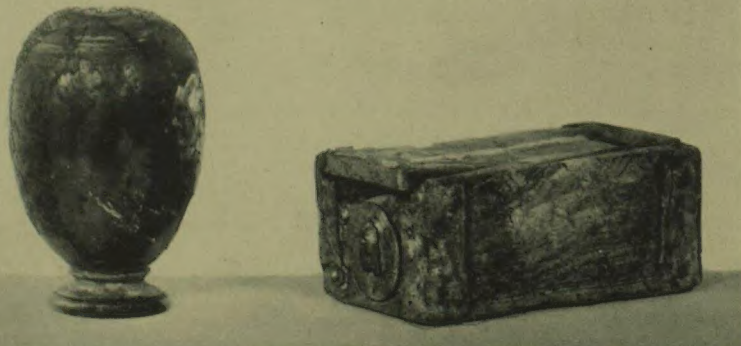


A BEAUTIFUL BRONZE STATUETTE OF NARCISSUS WITH A VERY FINE PATINA: AN EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE WORK FROM A LATE HELLENISTIC MODEL.



MITHRAIC EMBLEMS OF ABOUT 300 A.D.: SABAZIUS CULT RELICS INCLUDING (LOWER RIGHT) A FROG WITH A SYRIAC INSCRIPTION, INDICATING COLOGNE'S CONTACT WITH THE EAST.

FOUND ON THE SITE OF AN AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY: TWO SMALL IVORY RECEPTACLES—(ON RIGHT) A BOX WITH SLIDING LID, BRONZE CORNER MOUNTINGS, AND ROUND FASTENER BEARING A CICADA.



Continued.

The rest belong to earlier Roman times. Dr. Fremersdorf mentioned that the discoveries included coins, clay masks, a cut semi-precious stone in the form of a mask, and, above all, ornaments of turned bone, lignite, and jet. "In quite a number of cases," he writes, "the so-called Mithras symbol was observed—small articles of metal, such as lizards, snakes, frogs, scales, hatchets, keys, and so on, which are, no doubt, badges of members of the Sabazius cult. The present find is of importance because the small frog (lower right in this photograph) has an inscription which is probably old Palmyrenic, and thus affords the first documentary proof of relations between Cologne and the East."



A SPINDLE OF TURNED BONE, FOUND IN A WOMAN'S GRAVE AT COLOGNE DATING FROM THE THIRD CENTURY.

IN our issue of October 4 last, we published an article by Dr. Fritz Fremersdorf describing important archaeological discoveries recently made by him at Cologne, with several pages of photographs illustrating the principal "find"—a rich treasure of Roman glass unprecedented in beauty and variety. At the same time we promised that many other interesting things found, as described by Dr. Fremersdorf, would be illustrated in a future issue. This promise we now fulfil, on this and the opposite page. Of the above photographs, two show relics of the Frankish period about the sixth century—the sword (on the left at the top) and the two small ivory receptacles. *[Continued below.]*



FIGURES OF DEITIES IN BURNT CLAY: (ON LEFT) BACCHUS, WITH CUP AND PANTHER-SKIN; (ON RIGHT) A MOTHER GODDESS CARRYING A SMALL ANIMAL.

NEW EXAMPLES OF SIXTH-CENTURY JEWELLERY: FRANKISH GOLD-WORK.



JEWELLERY OF THE SIXTH CENTURY: THREE PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL GOLD DISCS FOR NECKLACES, WELL PRESERVED, ADORNED WITH FILIGREE AND GRANULATED DECORATION. (ABOUT 600 A.D.)



ANCIENT PROTOTYPES OF A MODERN WOMAN'S "VANITY BAG" ACCESSORIES: THREE SMALL GLASS MIRRORS IN DECORATED FRAMES OF LEAD.



FRANKISH JEWELLERY OF ABOUT 600 A.D.: A LARGE GOLD DISC CLASP, WITH FILIGREE MOUNTING AND SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES.



A SILVER DISC BUCKLE, WITH DEPRESSED CENTRE, DECORATED WITH GRANULATED SILVER BALLS AND RED INLAY.

TRINKETS OF THE FRANKISH PERIOD: EXQUISITE EXAMPLES OF GOLD DISCS FOR NECKLACES, DECORATED WITH GOLD FILIGREE WORK—JEWELLERY OF ABOUT 600 A.D.



AN EARLY FOURTH CENTURY AMULET: A HEAD CARVED IN SEMI-PRECIOUS STONE, WITH FOUR SLOTS FOR STRAPS USED TO SUSPEND IT ON THE BREAST.

WITH ROUNDED PLATE (AT TOP): A SIXTH-CENTURY SILVER CLASP OR BUCKLE, HEAVILY INLAID WITH NIELLO AND ENDING IN A CONVENTIONAL ANIMAL HEAD.



WITH PLATE RECTANGULAR (AT TOP): A LARGE SILVER-GILT CLASP OR BUCKLE, WITH NIELLO INLAY, OF A TYPE FOUND ALSO IN ENGLAND. (C. 600 A.D.)



A CLASP OR BUCKLE, AND A SMALL S-SHAPED BROOCH, WITH NICK PATTERNS AND NIELLO INLAY (SIXTH CENTURY).

As noted on the opposite page, the photographs given there and on this page illustrate the very interesting archaeological discoveries recently made at Cologne by Dr. Fritz Fremersdorf, and described by him in an article given in our issue of October 4. The treasures came from two different sites, and belong to various periods in the history of the city, under the Romans and at a later time. In the top stratum of the second site were many Frankish graves that contained, among other relics, the beautiful examples of jewellery shown in the above illustrations. With reference to this phase of the subject, we may recall that Dr. Fremersdorf wrote: "We are conveyed to quite another period by objects belonging to the sixth century A.D. which have been discovered in a Frankish cemetery. The specimens of glass exhibit simple forms in comparison with the Roman. They are almost exclusively drinking-vessels. Of particularly significant type are articles of adornment with linear ornamentations, which cover and relieve the entire surfaces, and show an alternation of bright gold and silver with dark niello. They present a joyous array of colour, with many-hued glittering stones and lively filigree decoration." The photograph in the centre of the lowest row above, showing a large clasp or buckle with a

rectangular plate, is accompanied by a note which states: "This type resembles forms which occur in the north and also in the south of England. It dates from about 600 A.D."

THE GROWING ZONE OF DISORDER.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE world is ill. The zone infected by revolutionary epilepsy is widening. South America, which has been plunged in the riches of peace for thirty years, is herself attacked by the evil. Convulsion in India, troubles in Indo-China, a violent recrudescence of dictatorship in Russia, profound perturbation in Spain, a *coup d'état* in Poland and in Egypt, revolution in Bolivia, Peru, and Argentina, troubles in Chile, a political crisis in Austria of which it is difficult to foresee the conclusion, elections in Germany which have resounded throughout the world like a clap of thunder announcing a tempest, and, finally, civil war between the Federation and certain States in Brazil—that is the black list of these last months.

The fate of generations is sometimes odd. The men who made peace in 1815 and governed Europe until 1848 were beset by the obsession of revolution. They had seen it, suffered under it, and everywhere dreaded it. They made peace and governed during thirty-three years under the supposition that Europe had been reconstituted by them on volcanic ground, and that she might at any moment be shaken, if not overthrown, by a revolutionary shock. Despite these fears, Europe rapidly consolidated herself into a certain number of great and small monarchies, and became so strong that she was able to resist the successive shocks of 1830, the industrial revolution, and the tornado of '48. This was the decisive proof of the reorganisation of 1815; Europe would have pulverised herself in 1848, if she had not reconstituted herself internally after 1815.

An opposite fate awaited the generation which, in 1919, made the Peace Treaties and has governed Europe since! We do not find in the Peace Treaties, or in the politics by which the great European States were governed after 1919, anything which reminds us of the agonising fear of the peril of revolution which prevailed after 1815. That generation was born, formed itself, and had lived the most attractive part of its existence in the happiest epoch of all history—the fifty years which preceded the World War; the half-century during which Europe and America enjoyed a unique abundance of all blessings, liberty, order, peace, power, riches, culture, activity, and gentleness. That generation believed in world order as if it formed part of cosmic order; it was sure that every morning the great machine of the Universe would set itself in motion again, with its habitual precision, just as it was sure that the sun would appear above the horizon at the hour indicated in the calendar.

The World War did not succeed in shattering that confidence. The men who made the Peace in 1919 made it as if they were sure of building their edifice on granite, although in 1919 it was already evident that a part of the Slav world and the whole of the Germanic world was about to enter upon a period of revolution which would be more or less prolonged, and could only result in the giving over of a considerable part of Europe to instability. Since 1919, statesmen, diplomatists, bankers, and business men have all, with rare exceptions, behaved as if the World War were only a parenthesis, and as if everything would promptly return to the former state of order. But this time, alas! disorder has only increased and propagated itself from one country to another, by multiplying its various forms: not only is it very doubtful whether Europe has consolidated itself during the last ten years, but half the world seems to be decomposing itself in a species of revolutionary delirium tremens.

During the past ten years, the optimism of this generation has been struggling against the persistence of the multiplication of disorders. During ten years that optimism has seen empires crumble away, dynasties disappear, *coups*

d'état follow each other in rapid succession, and the most varied revolutions organising their fallacious masquerades, obstinately believing these to be isolated exceptions which could not compromise that state of order to which they themselves were accustomed. Examine the mirrors which reflect the anxieties of this epoch: religion, philosophy, literature, and the judicial thought of the last ten years. You will find there hardly any trace of the political and social disorder by which the world is invaded. At no time

to which we must recognise the men who have the right to command and those whose duty it is to obey: literature, it appears, has not yet noticed it.

Are Europe and America, their governments and peoples, beginning to be impressed by these earthquake shocks which have followed each other during the last ten years in all continents and in all directions? The anxiety which has spread latterly to the financial and political centres of Europe and America, and which the German elections

have increased, would make us believe so. Besides, the fact is likely in itself. In order to resist the significance of so many events, the optimism of our epoch would have to be blind. That is why some general considerations on the causes and characters of these political disorders may be useful to the increasing numbers of those who wish to understand in order to be able to act. But if political illness tends to become general, it is not everywhere the same; its origins and developments are different: we must never forget this.

The political crises can be divided into three groups: the Asiatic, the European, and the American. The group of Asiatic disturbances—China, India, Persia, Turkey, and the territories which formerly belonged to the Turkish Empire—was anterior to the World War and independent of it. It was in Asia, mother of kings and prophets, and at Constantinople that the great political crisis of which we now see the development first began, when, in 1908, the Revolution of the Young Turks forced the Sultan Abdul Hamid to concede a Western Constitution. In 1911 this first shock was succeeded by a more violent one in China; it overthrew the Manchu Dynasty. Throughout Asia, India, and Persia, as in Turkey and China, Europe had been for a century undermining the base of the old régime, with her commerce, her ideas, her conquests, her diplomatic intrigues, her policy of intimidation and pressure; revolution was slowly preparing and organising itself when the World War broke out. The World War, the fall of the Russian Empire, the crumbling away of the Turkish Empire, precipitated the crisis. Now, all Asia is agitated by a political fermentation under which is hidden a double contradictory movement, which, on the one hand, pushes Asia towards adopting certain elements of European civilisation, and, on the other, encourages her to make use of them as a reason for withdrawing herself from European influence. From Angora to Calcutta, Asia is seeking in Europe arms to employ against Europe; that is the spirit which animates all Asiatic revolutions.

The group of European revolutions and *coups d'état*, which include Germany, Austria, Russia, Hungary, Italy, Spain, Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia, and Poland, has different origins and tendencies. With the exception of Spain, these revolutions and *coups d'état* are direct consequences of the war—of the defeat in Germany, Austria, and Hungary; of the exhaustion produced by the war in Russia, Italy, and Yugo-Slavia; and of the difficulties with which Poland, a new State, finds itself confronted. They everywhere represent the last phase of the great struggle, which began in Europe with the French Revolution, between the two principles of authority—the monarchical and hereditary principle and the elective and popular principle. Everywhere the monarchical principle attempts its last resistance, and nearly everywhere by taking on revolutionary masks. That is what characterises this last phase of the struggle. There is nothing so significant as that which is taking place in Germany: Hitler has succeeded in letting loose among the

masses a strong anti-democratic, anti-republican, anti-parliamentary movement, while giving it the appearance of a Socialist movement. We must not forget that the Bolshevik *coup de main* in 1917 was financed and supported by the Hohenzollerns in their death agony: it is the study of this wrong construction which allows us to probe to its depths the horrible sore which is afflicting Europe.

The group of American revolutions is more mysterious. The Mexican Revolution was anterior to the World War;

[Continued on page 950.]



AN ACCIDENT WHICH LED TO A SERIOUS DEMONSTRATION AND TO A GENERAL STRIKE IN MADRID: THE UNFINISHED BUILDING AFTER THE COLLAPSE THAT CAUSED THE DEATH OF FOUR WORKMEN.

The news from Spain as to the clash between Labour demonstrators and the police and the calling of a general strike in Madrid is not clear; but it would appear that the troubles originated in a very unusual manner. The Spanish Embassy in London has said: "Although a general strike was proclaimed in Madrid on Saturday [November 15] in consequence of the regrettable incidents connected with the deaths of four workmen in the collapse of a building, the stoppage of work has been confined to the building trade. . . ." The disturbances on the 14th were in connection with the funeral of the four workmen mentioned, who had been killed on the Wednesday, when a seven-storey building in course of construction collapsed. The demonstration which led up to them was arranged by followers of Labour who assert that regulations for inspection to ensure the safety of workers had not been carried out.

were the great problems of metaphysics and religion studied in themselves with greater disinterestedness, as if they had no relation with the right to command and the duty of obedience, of which our ancestors never lost sight when they worked at philosophy or theology. Never was literature more invaded by inexplicable caprices, nervous starts, sentimental complications, and the anarchical perversions of isolated individuals. Half the world is fighting because they no longer agree on the principles according

THE AFGHANS CELEBRATE: ACCESSION DAY EVENTS IN KABUL.

MAHOUT-JOCKEYS IN CLOWNISH DRESS AND ELEPHANTS MUCH DECORATED: THE CLOSE FINISH OF A NOVEL RACE DURING THE FESTIVITIES IN CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE ACCESSION OF KING NADIR SHAH.



WITH JOCKEYS GAY IN "EUROPEAN" JACKETS AND CAPS: THE START OF ONE OF THE EXCITING ACCESSION DAY RACES AT KABUL.



THE "BRIGADE OF GUARDS" BAND OF AFGHANISTAN: THE "EUROPEANISED" MUSICIANS IN "BEARSKINS"; WITH THEIR CONDUCTOR "LEADING."



AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT: AN AFGHAN, WHO HAD NEVER RIDDEN A MOTOR-CYCLE BEFORE, MAKING A SPEEDY "FLYING" START THAT ENDED IN A CRASH NINETY-TWO FEET FROM THE "TAKE-OFF."



WITH THE SILVER CUP PRESENTED TO THE AFGHAN ARMY: H.H. SARDAR SHAH MAHMUD, WAR MINISTER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Those of our readers who were interested in the photographs of the King of Afghanistan's modernised army and its "European" uniforms (published in our issue of October 25), and in the photographs we gave last week of the celebration of the first anniversary of King Nadir Shah's accession to the throne, will certainly appreciate the illustrations here given, which were also taken during the celebrations of the accession, which were held from October 16 to 19 last. Of the festivities, the Afghan Legations said: "The ceremonies with regard to the accession of his Majesty were celebrated throughout the country with the usual enthusiasm and

rejoicings so characteristic of the Afghan nation." "Enthusiasm" and "rejoicings" are obviously the correct words. With regard to the photograph of the motor-cyclist, our correspondent notes: "This photograph was taken in Kabul on October 19, during the Accession Celebrations, when an Afghan who had never even practised a jump in his life 'took off' at such a terrific speed that he and the machine flew through the air and crashed apart ninety-two feet from the 'take-off.' An instant after this unique photograph was taken driver and cycle parted company." The cyclist was little damaged!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TOPICAL interest is a curious thing; it sprouts up in all sorts of odd places, and is as infinite in variety as Cleopatra, ranging, say, from a coronation to a cat show, or from a giant potato to a new planet. The other day the Universe itself suddenly swam into the journalist's ken, wafted on the winged words of an eminent astronomer. On this page I do not pretend to be invariably topical, but it is sometimes desirable to associate one's reading with events and discussions of the day.

One book bearing closely—in part, specifically—on the great questions recently brought into the light of topicality by Sir James Jeans (whose own volume is reviewed on another page) concerns the history of human thought—namely, "MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE." By John Langdon Davies. Illustrated (Harper; 16s.). This is a study, from an anthropologist's point of view, of man's knowledge and beliefs about life and the world throughout the ages. It is no dry record of historical and biographical facts, but rather an essay, brilliant and vivacious, discussing and interpreting the significance of successive discoveries and of the ideas prevalent at different periods. It is quite the most stimulating book of its kind that I have seen. The mere fact that the author quotes Mr. Chesterton's verses on his dog, Quoodle, is enough to indicate that he has brought to his task a sense of humour. He preserves throughout that lively vein in which our young modern thinkers approach matters of high philosophy. The only fault I have to find with the book is that there is no index.

Another subject, even more topical at the moment than "the Mysterious Universe," is that particular part of it known as India; and, although India may be somewhat dwarfed by comparison, it is still large enough to provide human beings with practical problems of considerable complexity. Readers wishing to understand something of the recent history that created those problems, which now confront the Round-Table Conference, must certainly not omit from their library list "AN INDIAN DIARY." By Edwin S. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, 1917-1922. Illustrated (Heinemann; 21s.). The author was, of course, the Minister who, with Lord Chelmsford, the then Viceroy, gave his name to the famous Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. It is not for me to judge that highly controversial matter, but the book naturally reveals much of Mr. Montagu's own opinions and of his relations with other statesmen.

Apart from politics, however, which by no means monopolise the diarist's attention, the volume is interesting as a personal and social record of travel, interspersed with amusing anecdotes. In the preface to the book we read: "This diary was written by Edwin Montagu from day to day during his visit to India in 1917-18, after the historic pronouncement of August 20, 1917, in the House of Commons. There was no thought of eventual publication; the main idea in writing it was to give the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, continuous news of how he was progressing. . . . Now that India is looming so largely in the public eye, I have thought it a fitting time to give this document to the world, hoping that it may help to make a little clearer the great part which the writer played in India's destinies. . . . The diary was dictated, usually against time, to his shorthand writer, Mr. George Franey, at all times and places, sometimes on the back of an elephant, miles out in the jungle. These week-end shooting-trips were the only way by which he could save himself from a severe breakdown."

Associated with Mr. Montagu's book in place, though not in time, is "A TOUR IN THE HIMALAYAS AND BEYOND." By Lieut.-Colonel Sir Reginald Rankin, Bt. (Lane; 12s. 6d.), forming the second of ten volumes of the author's collected works, which include also "A Subaltern's Letters to His Wife," and "The Inner History of the Balkan War." Although the present volume bears the imprint "first published in 1930," the diary of which it consists dates from 1898. The author and his wife, who accompanied him, were then—he mentions incidentally—both aged twenty-six. The diary gives an entertaining description of climbs and adventures on precipitous paths and giddy rope-bridges. An interesting glimpse of frontier politics of that date occurs in an account of a visit from a Wazir "of the royal House of Kabul." "His interpreter (we read), a loquacious graduate of Lahore University, did most of the talking; in fact, he left himself very little time for interpretation. . . . At the mere mention of Russia the impulsive Babu snorted like a war-horse. 'We would rise up and drive them back,' he cried, 'if they ever tried to get into India this

way!' Not a bad specimen of Anglo-Indian culture, by any means, this B.A. of Lahore."

Political problems presented both to the Round-Table Conference and its predecessor, the Imperial Conference, are ably and cogently discussed in "NEW IMPERIAL IDEALS." A Plea for the Association of the Dominions in the Government of the Dependent Empire. By Robert Stokes. With an Introduction by Lord Lloyd. With Map (Murray; 10s. 6d.). This is a book of such wide range and far-seeing vision that it is not easy to convey briefly the scope of its argument. Lord Lloyd himself takes seven or eight pages to outline its contents, and I cannot do better than give a few leading extracts from his analysis.

"Mr. Stokes's main contentions," he writes, "are, briefly, that the present amorphous state of inter-Imperial relations is extremely dangerous and cannot last, but that it is possible to weld the Empire together and place it on a new and durable basis by associating the Dominions with Great Britain in the control of the non-self-governing dependencies. . . . He contends that an Empire without institutions, and therefore unable to function as a unit,

the Secretary of State for

India, made in the House of Commons his momentous statement, which those who know the toiling, pathetic masses of India and the character of their oppressors regard as one of the saddest events in the history of the world, and which may yet bring ruin upon the Empire. . . . Few of those who knew India could bring themselves to take it seriously. Yet from that day onwards, events moved as in a Greek tragedy. . . . The curious quasi-federal principle of dyarchy was adopted, and, amid the uncritical enthusiasms of the post-war world, the Government of India Act, 1919, was placed on the Statute Book."

The Indian problem is also discussed, briefly but forcibly, in an important book which covers even wider ground than that of Mr. Stokes, in that it traces the post-war history of all the belligerent nations involved in the Great War. I refer to "SINCE THEN." By Sir Philip Gibbs (Heinemann; 15s.). In this excellent survey of what has happened in Europe and America since the war, Sir Philip shows the same power of brisk and vivid description which gave his well-remembered work as a war correspondent such a distinctive quality. Few other writers, I think, could have pictured the state of the post-war world so well for the purposes of the general reader. Besides the descriptions of the various countries concerned, Sir Philip adds two interesting chapters dealing respectively with the effect of the war on womanhood, and its results in matters of art, politics, morals, and religion.

Sir Philip's allusion to India occurs in a chapter on the Eastern world entitled "The Restless Races," and he refers, among other things, to the part played by Russian Communists in stirring up Indian discontent. But perhaps the most significant passage is a quotation from an eye-witness. "A friend of mine," he writes, "who is a judge in India, recently home on leave, summed up the situation by saying that India, with its many races and creeds, must always be ruled by a dominant people. If it is not the British it must be someone else—less beneficent, perhaps. 'These Indian politicians,' he said, 'are only playing a game of make-believe . . . knowing full well that their throats would be cut if the British were to abandon their governing duties. From beginning to end this cry for independence is an illusion, and everybody knows it, except the simple laddies in the English House of Commons, who think that Western ideas of government can be introduced to an Oriental nation with three hundred million people separated from each other by a multitude of creeds and castes—desperately dependent upon a decent system of administration, which prevents them from dying like flies in times of plague and famine, saves them from wars and massacres, ensures their water-supply as far as possible, and gives them a rough-and-ready justice which they could never get from their own politicians.'"

Finally, I commend to thoughtful readers, whose outlook on life is not bounded by the garden wall or the office window, several other noteworthy books of cognate interest. To some of them I hope to return. Politics and economics are represented in "EMPIRE STOCK-TAKING." By L. St. Clare Grondona (Simpkin Marshall; 10s. 6d.), a tabulated account of the British Empire's products and resources, to be published annually; "THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE." By Edouard Herriot. Translated by R. J. Dingle (Harrap; 12s. 6d.); "DICTATORSHIP ON ITS TRIAL." By Eminent Leaders of Modern Thought. Edited by Otto Forst de Battaglia. Translated by Huntley Paterson. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. Illustrated (Harrap; 18s.); and "LIFE IN SPAIN TO-DAY." By Charles

Wicksteed Armstrong. Illustrated (Blackwood; 10s. 6d.).

Among new books on science, religion, or philosophy are "THE MECHANISM OF NATURE." A Simple Approach to Modern Views on the Structure of Matter and Radiation. By Professor E. N. da C. Andrade (Bell; 6s.); "THE MASTER OF DESTINY." A biography of the Brain. By Frederick Tilney (Heinemann; 15s.); "TENDENCIES OF MODERN SCIENCE." By Prof. A. M. Low (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d.); "VOLTAIRE." By C. E. Vulliamy (Bles; 10s. 6d.); "MIRACLE IN HISTORY AND IN MODERN THOUGHT." By C. J. Wright, B.D. (Constable; 18s.); "THE EDGE OF THE UNKNOWN." By the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Murray; 7s. 6d.); and "RUDI SCHNEIDER." A Scientific Examination of his Mediumship. By Harry Price. Illustrated (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). These last two books, I need hardly add, relate to psychic phenomena.

C. E. B.



A MASTER OF PICTORIAL ARCHÆOLOGY: THE LATE MR. AMÉDÉE FORESTIER, WHOSE ABLE "RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWINGS (OF WHICH A TYPICAL EXAMPLE APPEARS OPPOSITE) HAVE LONG BEEN A FEATURE OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

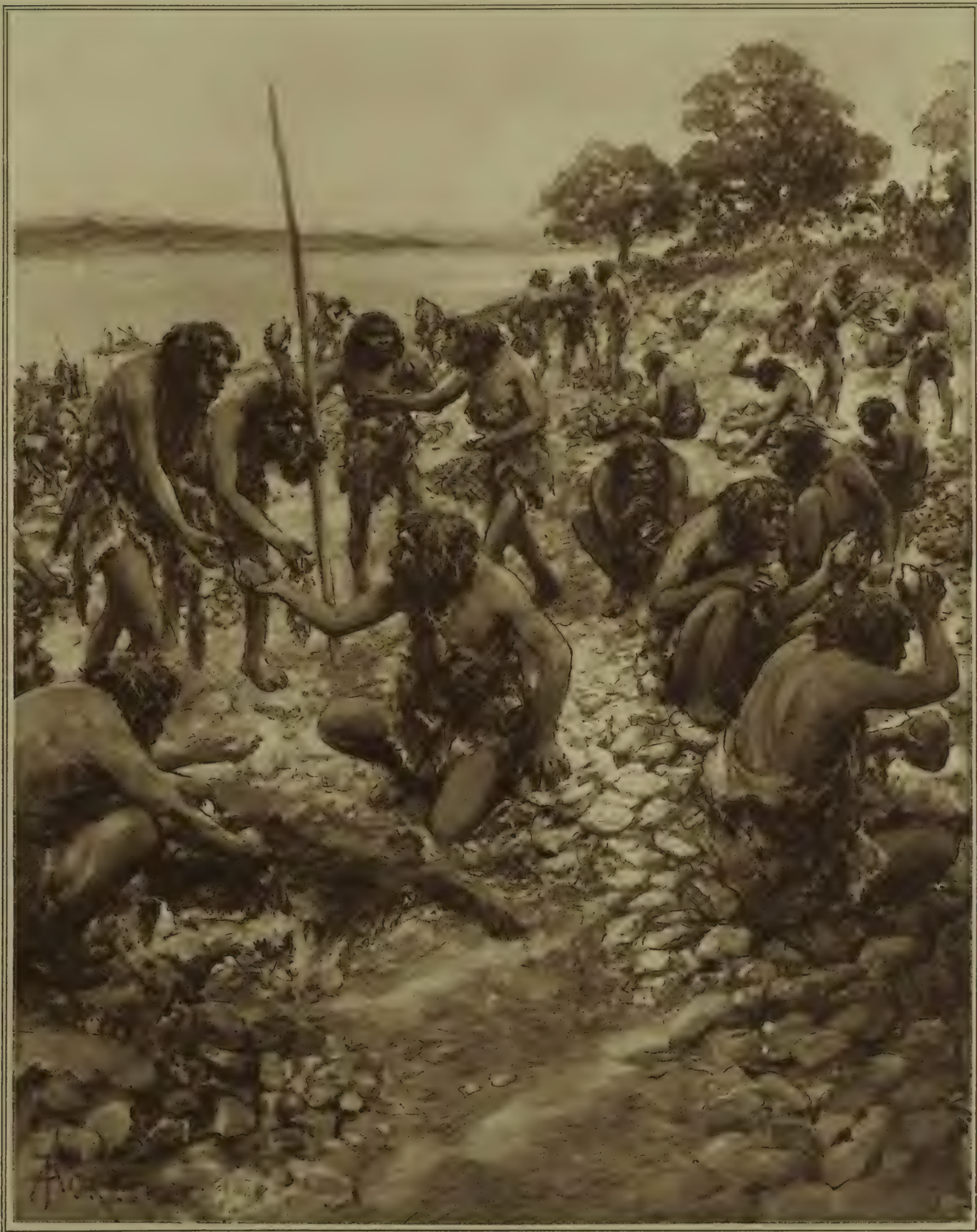
We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. Amédée Forestier, the distinguished archaeological artist associated for so many years with "The Illustrated London News." His work combined scientific accuracy with vivid imagination and was founded on a wide knowledge of antiquity—historic and prehistoric—cultivated with tireless enthusiasm. Mr. Forestier, who was a Frenchman long resident in London; had travelled widely in Europe, and also in Canada and Northern Africa. In 1896 he was sent by Queen Victoria to Moscow to paint commemorative pictures of the late Tsar's Coronation. In 1908 he acted as our special artist at the Quebec tercentenary celebrations. During the war he did pictorial work for the French and British Red Cross, and in 1920 he accompanied the French Official Mission to Morocco. Latterly he was at work on drawings to illustrate the history of London from the earliest times, for the London Museum, and on drawings for the Field Museum of Chicago, and he executed large paintings of Roman Britain for the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology at Toronto. He published books on "Brabant and East Flanders," "Liège and the Ardennes," and "Bruges and West Flanders," and he illustrated works by many well-known novelists, including Besant, Seton Merriman, "Anthony Hope," and Robert Hichens.

is doomed. . . . Mr. Stokes sees in the Imperial Conference the key to our most perplexing problems. He would make it a permanent body, sitting in London. To it he would hand over the Dependent Empire. . . . Many of the author's arguments open the door for wide controversy, not least those in which he discusses the Indian Native State problem. . . . one in which (Lord Lloyd adds) I do not find myself in unqualified agreement with him—but in every chapter the author blazes the trail of fresh thought."

At the moment, of course, the interest of the book centres chiefly in the several chapters relating to India. Mr. Stokes is strongly against the premature application of Western democracy in the East, and especially the situation created by the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. Thus, he writes: "On August 20th, 1917, Mr. Montagu,

OUR GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL ARTIST: AN UNPUBLISHED "FORESTIER."

"RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWING BY THE LATE AMÉDÉE FORESTIER. FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. W. H. COOK. (COPYRIGHT.)



A FLINT WORKSHOP IN KENT ABOUT 50,000 B.C.: PREHISTORIC TRADE AND INDUSTRY BESIDE THE MEDWAY.

Although our readers are very familiar with the masterly archæological drawings of the late Mr. Amédée Forestier (of whom a portrait appears on the opposite page), we think they will be interested to see this additional example, which is characteristic of one phase of it—his skill in picturing the life of prehistoric man. He was, of course, equally accomplished in reconstructing typical scenes from historical periods of antiquity, as in his drawings (published in our pages) of the Roman forts on Hadrian's Wall, and in his own book, "The Roman Soldier." The above drawing was based on the discovery of a Palæolithic flint-working site on the left bank of the Medway at Frindsbury, near Rochester, as described by Mr. W. H. Cook and Mr. J. R. Killick, in a booklet reprinted from the Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society of East Anglia. In his own

note on the drawing, Mr. Forestier states that it represents men of the Neanderthal race, of the later Acheulean epoch, about 50,000 B.C. "This place," he writes, "is thought to have been a distributing centre for worked flints, which were eagerly sought for on account of the quality of the stone. The drawing shows some of these people at work. The nodules are heaped up in the order in which they were discovered; some of the men are flaking flints; and strangers are seen bartering skins for flints ready for use and probably cut on new and improved lines compared with those they already possess. In the background other strangers are seen arriving in rafts and landing on the river bank at the foot of the slope—that is, at the edge of the 100-ft. terraces. The site is close to All Saints Church, Frindsbury."

EGYPT BY NIGHT: THE ROMANCE OF MODERN TRAVEL ON THE NILE, AND MAJESTIC MONUMENTS OF ANTIQUITY.



THE AMENITIES OF MODERN TRAVEL ON EGYPT'S IMMEMORIAL RIVER, WHICH IN ANCIENT DAYS CARRIED THE BARKS OF RAMESES AND TUTANKHAMEN.
A PASSENGER BOAT MOORED FOR THE NIGHT BESIDE THE BANKS OF THE NILE.



THE SOMBRE MYSTERIES OF AN EGYPTIAN NIGHT DISPELLED BY MODERN METHODS OF ILLUMINATION: AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE AMONG THE HUGE COLUMNS
OF THE RAMESEUM AT THEBES, THE MOST IMPORTANT BUILDING OF RAMESES II., WHO BEGAN TO REIGN ABOUT 1300 B.C.



THE LIGHTS OF LUXOR, NOW THE TOURIST CENTRE FOR VISITS TO THE TEMPLES OF KARNAK, AND THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS AT THEBES ACROSS THE NILE:
A NIGHT VIEW FROM THE WEST BANK OF THE RIVER, SHOWING THE WINTER PALACE HOTEL IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



WITH ITS FOUR GIGANTIC OSIRIDE PILLARS TOWERING ABOVE THE DIMINUTIVE HUMAN FIGURES SEEN ON THE GROUND BELOW: ANOTHER NIGHT VIEW
OF THE RUINS OF THE RAMESEUM, BUILT BY RAMESES II. OVER 3000 YEARS AGO.

Egypt, with its wonderful climate and its mighty monuments of the past, has now become a favourite bourne of winter travel. As these picturesque photographs show, a journey along the storied Nile may be even more romantic by night than it is by day, while darkness lends an added mystery and grandeur to the great buildings of antiquity. Of the particular example here illustrated, and its builder, we find an interesting criticism in "The Ancient History of the Near East," by the late Dr. H. R. Hall, who (until his death recently) was Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum. "Rameses II. (he writes) was destined to enjoy one of the longest reigns in Egyptian history, and has until lately been commonly dubbed by the moderns 'Rameses the Great.' . . . His most important building was a gigantic abomination, disfigured with ugly Osiride pillars and an enormous red granite colossus of the King.

This was his own funerary temple, the Ramesseum, which still in Roman days was described by Diodorus Siculus as 'the Tomb of Ozymandias.' Shelley, it will be recalled, has a poem on that subject. "The pylon-walls of the Ramesseum" (continues Dr. Hall) "served as a canvas on which the King's artists could depict, on a scale and with a detail never previously attempted, the heroic events of his war with the Hittites, the battle of Kadesh, and the Siege of Dapur. . . . The great war with the Hittites began in the fifth year of his reign (about 1296 B.C.), and lasted, on and off, till the conclusion of peace more than fifteen years later (about 1279 B.C.). This struggle, which left both combatants terribly weakened, was the turning-point of Egyptian history, which henceforth is a story of decline. Rameses 'the Great' had drained the strength of Egypt."

WILD ANIMALS OF TIBET AT HOME ON "THE ROOF OF THE WORLD."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE TRAMP."



"WE ARE QUITE SATISFIED; WE DO NOT WISH TO MEET THIS GENTLEMAN; IN FACT, WE THINK IT TIME WE WENT!" A HERD OF KYANG (WILD ASS), IN THE CHANGCHENMO VALLEY, MOVING OFF AT THE APPROACH OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



"I DO LIKE TO HAVE MY PORTRAIT TAKEN; IT IS SO SELDOM THAT I CAN GET IT DONE!" A MOUSE HARE PHOTOGRAPHED, AT A RANGE OF TWO YARDS, IN ITS NATIVE WILDS UNDER THE MARSIMIK LA PASS IN THE TIBETAN HIGHLANDS, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 18,000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

The photographer of game—big, little, and middling-sized, like the Three Bears—has explored many parts of the world, but there still remain some fields untilled. New ground is broken in the wonderful examples reproduced on this and the three following pages, taken on a recent trip to Ladak and the borders of Tibet. The author, who prefers to be known by his pen-name—The Tramp—writes regarding his work: "As far as I know, the photographs are unique, in that

this is the first time that this type of game has been photographed in its natural surroundings. The difficulties in the way of the naturalist-photographer are many and varied. The Changchenmo Valley is twenty-four marches from the nearest motor road. The highly developed sense of smell and sight which the wild animals possess, combined with the open nature of the country, calls for the greatest skill and patience, in addition to physical fitness to stalk with a heavy

[Continued opposite.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF SUCH GAME IN NATURAL SURROUNDINGS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY "THE TRAMP."



"WE ARE NOT SURE WE LIKE THIS MAN, BUT STILL, THERE IS NO HARM IN HAVING A GOOD LOOK AT HIM!"

TWO FEMALE TIBETAN GAZELLES AT AN ALTITUDE OF 17,000 FT.—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT 15 YARDS.

Continued.
camera and telephoto lens at high altitudes. Often, too, just when all appears to have been successful, perhaps the howling wind that blows in these desolate hills shakes the camera at the critical moment." Looking at the upper photograph on the left-hand page, we are able to realise what was in Omar's mind when he wrote: "The wild ass | Stamps on his grave, but he lies fast asleep!" The full-page photograph given above (on the right) shows two

females of the species *Gazella (Procapra) picticaudatta*, better known as Tibetan Gazelle or Goa. "These delightful little creatures" (says the photographer), "very like the Indian Chinkara, inhabit the great Tibetan plains and a few of the high plateaus in eastern Ladak. Owing to their extraordinarily keen sight and the open nature of the country, it is difficult to get near them. The photograph was taken at 17,000 ft. on the plains east of Hanle, Ladak."

WILD ANIMALS OF TIBET AT HOME "ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE TRAMP."



"BY THE HORNS OF OVIS POLII!" A COGNATE SPECIES THAT PROVIDES THE SPORTSMAN'S MOST COVETED TROPHY, REGARDED AS "THE BLUE RIBAND OF HIMALAYAN SHIKAR": A HERD OF AMMON (*OVIS HODGSONI*), THE MAGNIFICENT WILD SHEEP OF THE TIBETAN HIGHLANDS.



FORMIDABLE "SITTERS" TO THE BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER IN COUNTRY AFFORDING NO COVER: A HERD OF WILD YAK (*POEPHAGUS GRUNNIENS*), APT TO CHARGE IF SURPRISED AT CLOSE RANGE—A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE CHANGCHENMO VALLEY AT AN ALTITUDE OF 17,000 FT.

These remarkable photographs of Tibetan wild animals in their native haunts belong to the same set as those given on the two preceding pages, and, as noted there, the author believes them to be the first ever taken of this type of game in its natural state. In a note on *Ovis Hodgsoni*, generally known as the Ammon, he writes: "This magnificent sheep, standing twelve hands at the shoulder, whose horns rank as the finest trophy in the world, is considered by sportsmen as

'the blue riband of Himalayan shikar.' Their sense of sight and scent is far more developed than that of any other known animal. During the summer the Ammon lives among the broken hill-tops and rolling uplands of Tibet and Ladak, at heights from 17,000 to 19,000 ft. The spotting of this sheep is even more difficult than the stalk, and often the sportsman may wander over his favourite haunts for ten or twenty days without seeing a shootable head." Describing

[Continued opposite.]

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF SUCH GAME IN NATURAL SURROUNDINGS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY "THE TRAMP."



ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY ON PRECIPITOUS ROCKS: A WONDERFUL PICTURE OF FIVE BURHEL (*OVIS NAYAUR*), OR BLUE SHEEP OF THE HIMALAYAS, THIRTY YARDS AWAY, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 17,500 FEET.

Continued. the Wild Yak of Tibet, the photographer writes: "The cows move in herds; the bulls are usually solitary. According to the natives, the cows, if surprised at close range, will charge, and the solitary bulls will often do so without provocation. I had intended to get a close photograph at thirty yards, but, the wind suddenly changed, and the herd, scenting me, were off. The photograph was taken at about 17,000 ft." Of the animals shown in the full-page

picture on the right, the author says: "The Burhel, or Blue Sheep of the Himalayas (*Ovis Nayaaur*), is found only on the highest mountain ranges that border on Tibet. Even in the severest winter they seldom, if ever, come below 15,000 ft., while in summer they wander about these barren hills at altitudes of 17,000 ft. to 19,000 ft. They are considered by sportsmen as second only to the *Ovis Ammon* and *Ovis Poli* in sense of smell and sight."

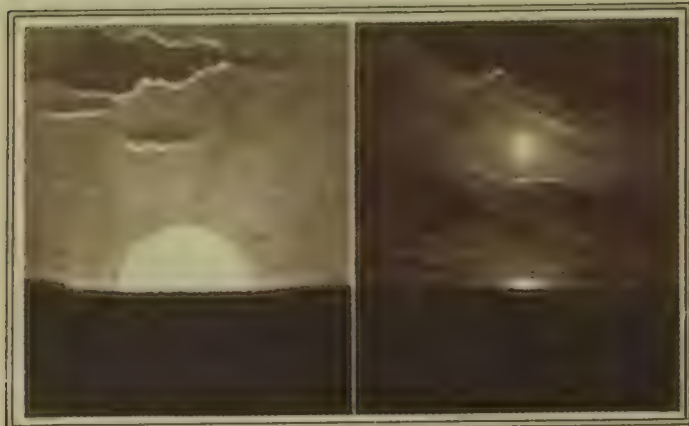
"MYSTICAL MATHEMATICS OF THE CITY OF HEAVEN."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE." By SIR JAMES JEANS.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

"THE Mysterious Universe" is an expansion of the Rede Lecture delivered by Sir James Jeans before the University of Cambridge in the early part of this month. In the first chapter, "The Dying Sun," the author discusses certain physical characteristics of the Universe, declares what will



A COMPARISON OF THE APPARENT SIZE OF THE SUN AS SEEN FROM THE EARTH (ON LEFT) AND FROM JUPITER (RIGHT), AND OF THE EXTENT TO WHICH (OWING TO DIFFERENT ROTATION SPEEDS OF THE TWO PLANETS) IT APPEARS (AT THE EQUATOR) TO RISE ABOVE THE HORIZON OF EACH IN ONE MINUTE.

"Seen from Jupiter," writes M. Rudaux, "the Sun would appear to hasten across the sky, and at dawn would seem to rush up with a speed astonishing to human eyes. No less surprising would be the fact that, owing to Jupiter's distance from the Sun, the solar disc would appear five times smaller in diameter than it does to us and would give twenty-five times less light."

be its ultimate fate, describes the conditions in which life can subsist in it, and gives us some idea of the position occupied by life in the universal scheme.

Life can only exist on a planet, and planetary systems are few, the perquisite of one star in 100,000. They were formed by one star accidentally coming so near another as to raise, by the force of attraction, tidal waves upon its surface; these split off, solidified, and became satellites. When we reflect that if a star were reduced to the size of a ship, and distances in space correspondingly curtailed, each ship would still be a million miles from its nearest neighbour, we need not wonder that planetary systems are of rare occurrence; even when we bear in mind that the total number of stars "is probably something like the total number of grains of sand on all the sea-shores of the world." The "zones within which life is possible, all added together, constitute less than a thousand million millionth part of the whole of space."

"Into such a universe," says Sir James, "we have stumbled, if not exactly by mistake, at least as the result of what may properly be described as an accident . . . it seems incredible that the universe can have been designed primarily to produce life like our own; had it been so, surely we might have expected to find a better proportion between the magnitude of the mechanism and the amount of the product. At first glance at least, life seems to be an utterly unimportant by-product; we living things are somehow off the main line." A second glance, however, leads to a modification of this statement.

The conditions favourable to maintaining life must come to an end. The sun, lacking the means to replenish its heat, grows ever colder; and the earth, instead of drawing nearer to the sun, by a law of dynamics withdraws ever further from it. And the universe itself is threatened with a "heat-death": its total energy having been uniformly distributed, all its substance will be reduced to a uniform temperature—a temperature far too low to support life.

* "The Mysterious Universe." By Sir James Jeans, M.A., D.Sc., Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S. (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.)

Sir James Jeans goes on to describe how the formulation of the Quantum Theory has revolutionised the basic principles of physics and freed it from its dependence on the Law of Causation. This law had been accepted ever since Man ceased to attribute "the seemingly erratic and unordered course of the universe to the whims and passions of gods, or of benevolent or malevolent lesser spirits." "The whole course of events had been unalterably determined by the state in which the world found itself at the first instant of its history: Nature could move only along one road to a predestined end."

"Out of this," says Sir James, "resulted a movement to interpret the whole material universe as a machine, a movement which steadily gained force in the latter half of the nineteenth century. It was then that Helmholtz declared that the final aim of all natural science is to resolve itself into mechanics, and Lord Kelvin confessed that he could understand nothing of which he could not make a mechanical model."

Professor Planck's "tentative explanation of certain phenomena of radiation" and the theory arising out of it, "that the course of nature proceeded by tiny jumps and jerks, like the hands of a clock," did not at once sound the death-knell of the time-honoured conception of physics; for nothing is more strictly mechanical in its action than a clock. But in 1917 Einstein showed that this theory entailed "consequences far more revolutionary than mere discontinuity. It appeared to dethrone the law of causation from the position it had heretofore held as guiding the course of the natural world." Science could not now assert that "state A was inevitably succeeded by state B"; it could only say that "state A may be followed by state B or C or D or innumerable other states. It can, it is true, say that B is more likely than C, C than D . . . but, just because it has to speak in terms of probabilities, it cannot predict with certainty which state will follow which; this is a matter which lies on the knees of the gods—whatever gods there be."

Sir James Jeans summarises some of the experiments out of which was established what Professor Heisenberg calls a "principle of indeterminacy." In spite of Sir James's extraordinary gift for making the rough places of science plain to the lay mind, these experiments, and the analogies, drawn from everyday life, that illustrate them, are not always easy to follow. But the conclusion is plain enough. "Our man-made machines are, we know, imperfect and inaccurate, but we have cherished a belief that the innermost workings of the atom would exemplify

absolute accuracy and precision. Yet Heisenberg now makes it appear that Nature abhors accuracy and precision above all things."

The next section of the book is occupied with the question of "waves." "We are beginning," says Sir James, "to suspect that we live in a universe of waves, and nothing but waves. . . . These waves are of two kinds; bottled-up waves, which we call matter, and unbottled waves, which we call radiation or light. If annihilation of matter occurs, the process is merely that of unbottling imprisoned wave energy and setting it free to travel through space. These concepts reduce the whole of the universe to a world of light, potential or existent, so the whole



THE APPARENT SIZE OF THE MOON AS SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE (ABOVE) COMPARED WITH THAT OF JUPITER (BELOW) SEEN THROUGH A SMALL TELESCOPE MAGNIFYING FIFTY TIMES.

In an article relating to his drawings on the opposite page and those on this page, M. Lucien Rudaux writes: "Despite its great distance away, the planet Jupiter appears large enough to enable us to observe its chief features even with a very modest telescope."

(See Colour Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

story of its creation can be told with perfect accuracy and completeness in the six words: 'God said, Let there be light.'"

But it is difficult to imagine a wave which does not "travel through something concrete"; it must have a medium to undulate in. This medium is ether: "modern physics is pushing the universe into one or more ethers." A hard saying, and the chapter in which Sir James Jeans expands and illustrates it is one of the most difficult in the book. The new ether, like the old one, is only a hypothesis, a figment of the mind, its existence cannot be proved: we assume it is there because the assumption can be made to account for certain observed physical phenomena. The old conception of "mechanical ether" has been discarded. If it really corresponded to any physical condition in the universe; if, as some thought, it was stationary, or, as others thought, it was blowing round and through us at the speed of a thousand miles a second, it could be used as a standard to determine at what rate the universe was moving. But all experiments to discover the pace at which the universe moves have failed. "In

(Continued on page 944)



EVIDENCE OF JUPITER'S RAPIDITY OF ROTATION: TWO DRAWINGS OF THE PLANET MADE AT AN INTERVAL OF 14 HOURS; AND (BELOW) A SMALL CIRCLE REPRESENTING THE SIZE OF THE EARTH COMPARED WITH JUPITER'S ENORMOUS GLOBE.

"Jupiter's huge globe," writes M. Rudaux, "revolves on its own axis so rapidly that one can easily calculate its alternation of day and night. Its rotation takes 9 hours 55 minutes. The length of its day, from sunrise to sunset, is thus only 4 hours 57 minutes. Jupiter, with its diameter of 141,600 kilometres (88,500 miles), is 1295 times larger than the earth. No oceans and continents appear on its surface. All we can see is dark and light zones more or less parallel with its equator, and varying from time to time in number, size, and coloration. They are believed to represent prodigious gaseous disturbances, with a dense atmosphere concealing Jupiter's globe from us. Does such a globe even exist, possessing a solid surface? It is hardly probable. The colossal planet may be a world in process of formation."

Born (with the Other Planets) of "An Unusual Accident": Jupiter.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY M. LUCIEN RUDAUX. (COPYRIGHT.)



TWILIGHT ON JUPITER. AN IMAGINARY PICTURE OF AN EVENING SCENE ON THE VAPOROUS SURFACE OF THE PLANET (PROBABLY A WORLD STILL IN PROCESS OF FORMATION) AT A POINT FROM WHICH SEVERAL OF ITS NINE MOONS (OF WHICH THREE ARE REPRESENTED HERE) WOULD BE VISIBLE AT THE SAME TIME.



JUPITER FROM ITS NEAREST SATELLITE, WHOSE SURFACE IS DEPICTED IN THE FOREGROUND: AN IMAGINARY REPRESENTATION OF THE HUGE BANDED PLANET, WHOSE DISC, FROM THAT VIEW-POINT, WOULD APPEAR OVER 8000 TIMES GREATER IN EXTENT THAN THAT OF OUR MOON (SHOWN AS A WHITE DOT ABOVE FOR COMPARISON) AS SEEN FROM THE EARTH.

In his Rede Lecture on "The Mysterious Universe," delivered recently at Cambridge, Sir James Jeans, the famous astronomer, ascribed the birth of the solar system to a close approach of the sun and another star—a "rare event" which occurred, he said, some 2,000,000,000 years ago. The tidal pull of the second star raised on the sun a prodigious mountain, which at last "was torn to pieces and threw off small fragments of itself." These fragments evolved into the planets. It was an unusual accident for suns to throw off planets.

M. Lucien Rudaux, the French astronomer-artist, describing his drawings, recalls the fact that Jupiter is 1295 times larger than the Earth, and has nine moons. The upper picture shows three of the moons as they might appear, at twilight, from the surface of Jupiter. Of the lower picture M. Rudaux writes: "Let us suppose that we are on Jupiter's nearest satellite. Seen thence, the colossal planet would look like a fantastic moon whose apparent disc was over 8000 times greater in extent than our own full moon."

"The Quaint Macaw": Aristocrats in the Kingdom of Birds.

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "ARISTOCRATS," BY E. J. DETMOLD. FORMERLY EXHIBITED AT THE SLOANE GALLERY, BROMPTON ROAD. (COPYRIGHT.)



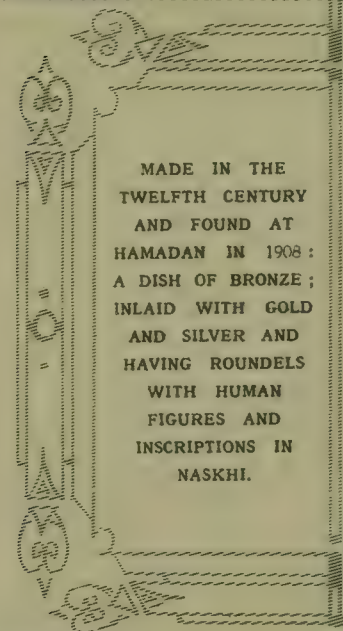
LIKE "A CLUSTER OF FLAUNTING BANNERS" IN THE TROPICAL FOREST: RED-AND-BLUE MACAWS.

Mr. Detmold's beautiful studies of exotic birds, often represented in our pages, are, of course, primarily decorative rather than scientific. Yet he maintains accuracy both in form and colouring. In the "Royal Natural History" we read: "The red-and-blue macaw (*Ara macao*) is one of the handsomest. The general colour of both the upper and under-parts is vermillion red, while the upper wing-coverts are chrome-yellow; the lower part of the back . . .

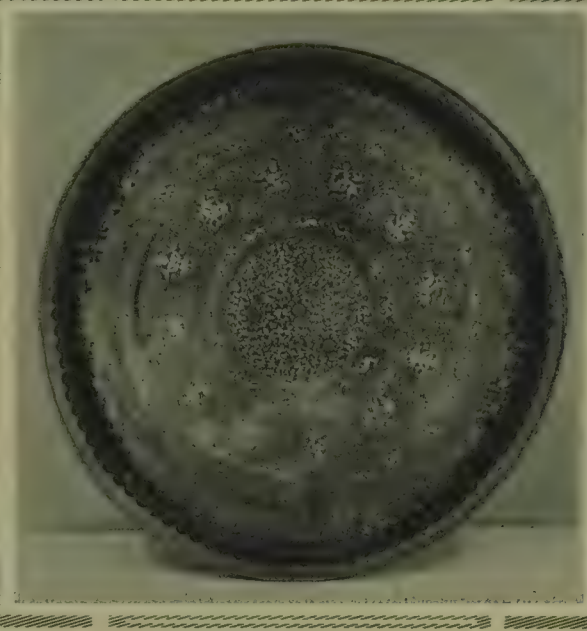
being blue. . . . This splendid bird attains a total length of 3 feet, nearly two of which are taken up by the tail. Its range is large, extending from Mexico to Guiana and the Amazon Valley. . . . All the macaws of this genus are denizens of the dense forests of tropical America. . . . Bates compares a flock of the red-and-blue species, feeding on the fruits of a palm-tree, to a cluster of flaunting banners."



A BEGGAR'S BOWL OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A PIECE WHICH IS OF WATERED STEEL INLAID WITH GOLD AND BEARS PERSIAN INSCRIPTIONS.



MADE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY AND FOUND AT HAMADAN IN 1908: A DISH OF BRONZE; INLAID WITH GOLD AND SILVER AND HAVING ROUNDELS WITH HUMAN FIGURES AND INSCRIPTIONS IN NASKHI.



PERSIAN TREASURES FOR THE EXHIBITION. FINELY DECORATED RECEPTACLES AND AN INSCRIBED PRAYER CARPET.



A PRAYER CARPET OF CRIMSON AND GREEN VELVET EMBROIDERED WITH SILVER THREAD: A PIECE WHICH HAS TWO BORDERS FILLED WITH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CONVENTIONAL FLORAL PATTERNS AND WITH INSCRIPTIONS.



DATING FROM THE FIRST HALF OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: A CANDLESTICK OF BRONZE INLAID WITH SILVER; DECORATED WITH CAVALIERS AND WITH AN INSCRIPTION IN NASKHI ROUND THE RIM.



OF EARTHENWARE PAINTED IN RUBY LUSTRE: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY EWER OF THE RHAGES TYPE; DECORATED WITH BIRDS AND WITH INSCRIPTIONS.



DATING FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY: A EWER OF TINNED COPPER; WITH ENGRAVED BANDS AND ANIMALS AND GEOMETRIC DECORATION WITH CARTOUCHES CONTAINING INSCRIPTIONS IN NASKHI.

connection with it, and of the articles accompanying these, it seems superfluous to restate the fact that the great Exhibition of Persian Art is to open at the Royal Academy on January 5 and to continue until March 1. It is well, however, that we should do so; for the dates must be remembered by all: seldom, if ever, has there been such a gathering together of a nation's ancient arts and crafts, an assembly only made possible by the Shah himself, and by the generosity of Museums and Governments and private collectors in lending specimens. So irreplaceable and valuable are the pieces sent from Persia that they were despatched from

In view of the many remarkably interesting illustrations we have published in

Teheran in aeroplanes, as a precaution against thieves, and were then shipped

to this country in a specially chartered and well-guarded vessel. They include a silk carpet from the tomb of Shah Abbas II.; a sixteenth-century carpet from the Mosque of Imam Riza; accessories to the Throne, in the shape of a sceptre with spirals of diamonds and rubies; gold, gem-studded ceremonial dishes, and so forth; fine Korans; silver vessels reputed to have been owned by the Abbasid Caliph Haroun Al-Rashid of Baghdad—and the "Arabian Nights"; and basins, platters, and ewers found in the ruins of a house at Hamadan. There will, of course, be many other very important loans from many sources.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: SCENES AND EVENTS FROM FAR AND NEAR PICTURED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE "DO-X": H.R.H. BOARDING THE FLYING-BOAT PREPARATORY TO A FLIGHT AND ACTING AS SOLE PILOT.

On November 12, the Prince of Wales flew from Hendon to Southampton Water in a Siro Gloyd amphibian, and took part in a short flight of the giant German flying-boat, "DO-X." After making a very thorough inspection of the machine, and visiting the three decks and the engine-room, he took the seat of the second pilot. For ten minutes during her flight the Prince was in entire control of "DO-X," and both the pilot and Captain Christiansen, who is the "skipper" of the flying-boat, expressed their surprise at his Royal Highness's knowledge of handling aircraft.



VICTIM OF AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION: MR. HAMAGUCHI, THE JAPANESE PREMIER, WHO WAS SHOT ON TOKIO STATION.

While waiting at Tokio Station on November 14 for a train to take him to the Army manoeuvres, Mr. Hamaguchi was shot in the stomach by a young man. His assailant, who is twenty-nine, is alleged to be a member of a band of extreme reactionaries, the Seiyukai, who have relations with the Opposition Party. After two transfusions of blood had been made, Mr. Hamaguchi's recovery is now pronounced to be almost a certainty. The outrage occurred on almost the identical spot where a former Japanese premier was stabbed to death in 1921.

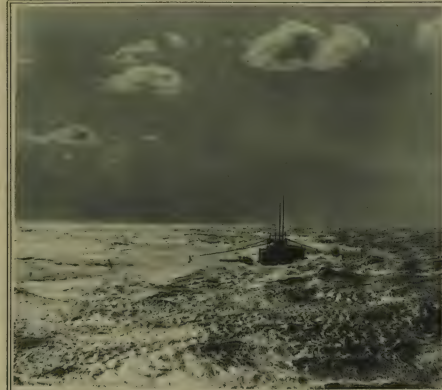


WITH A PLANE ON THE RIGHT BURNING AS A RESULT OF A HIT: MIMIC AERIAL WARFARE ON OBSOLETE AEROPLANES IN TEXAS.

The photograph reproduced above gives a graphic impression of aerial warfare, though the scene is only one of manoeuvres. It was taken near Camp Stasley, San Antonio, Texas, and shows a bombing attack in progress on eighteen obsolete aeroplanes. Seventeen-pound bombs were used. The target planes were placed in position as they would presumably be on their aerodrome during actual warfare. On the left can be seen three planes involved in a bomb explosion; and on the right of the photograph a plane is burning after a direct hit.



THE FUTURE OF INDIA UNDER DISCUSSION: THE FIRST PLENARY SESSION OF THE MOMENTOUS THE PRIME MINISTER presided at the opening session of the Indian Round-Table Conference, at St. James's Palace, on November 17. To his immediate left and right were his Cabinet colleagues and the Conservative and Liberal members of the British delegation. Next to the right (or behind in the above photograph) came the States delegation, Princes and Ministers; the British Indian Moderates; and, next, the Indian Liberal Group. The small group—the Hindu Mahasabha, the Sikhs, the representatives of the Depressed Classes, the martial races, the Indian Christians, and the Burmese—occupied the inner table facing the chair. At small tables round the sides of the apartment were the advisers and members of the secretariat. The President began by reading a message received from



THE UNITED STATES' LARGEST SUBMARINE SEEN SUBMERGING ON A TRIAL RUN: "V-5," A SUBMARINE "CRUISER" WITH A CLAIMED RADIIUS OF 15,000 MILES.

Readers will remember that we published an illustration of "V-5" in August, when, we gave the opportunity of an interesting comparison between this craft and our own. "X-1," "V-5" has a claimed cruising radius of 15,000 miles, and could stay at sea for sixty days without refuelling. It is interesting to note in this connection that the distance across the Pacific from San Francisco to Yokohama is only some 4,700 miles, while that over the Atlantic from, say, New York to Southampton is only some 3,100 miles. The craft could therefore cross either ocean and return with ease.



ON THE "QUARTER-DECK" OF H.M.S. "VICTORY VI," THE CRYSTAL PALACE! A ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION CEREMONY AT THE OLD TRAINING-SHIP.

A thousand members of the Royal Naval Division, veterans of Antwerp, Gallipoli, the Somme, and Ypres, returned to their old training-ship, the Crystal Palace (otherwise, H.M.S. "Victory VI," on November 15, when their former Commander, Sir Richard H. Williams-Bullerley, opened a museum of war relics. These included the "Drake" Battalion drum, still stained with the blood of the man who rescued it when it was captured by the Germans, and the tiny raft (illustrated below) used by Lieut-Colonel Freyberg, V.C., in his heroic exploit of Gallipoli in 1915.



A NAVAL DIVISION V.C. WAR RELIC EXHIBITED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE RAFT USED BY COL. FREYBERG AT GALLIOLI.

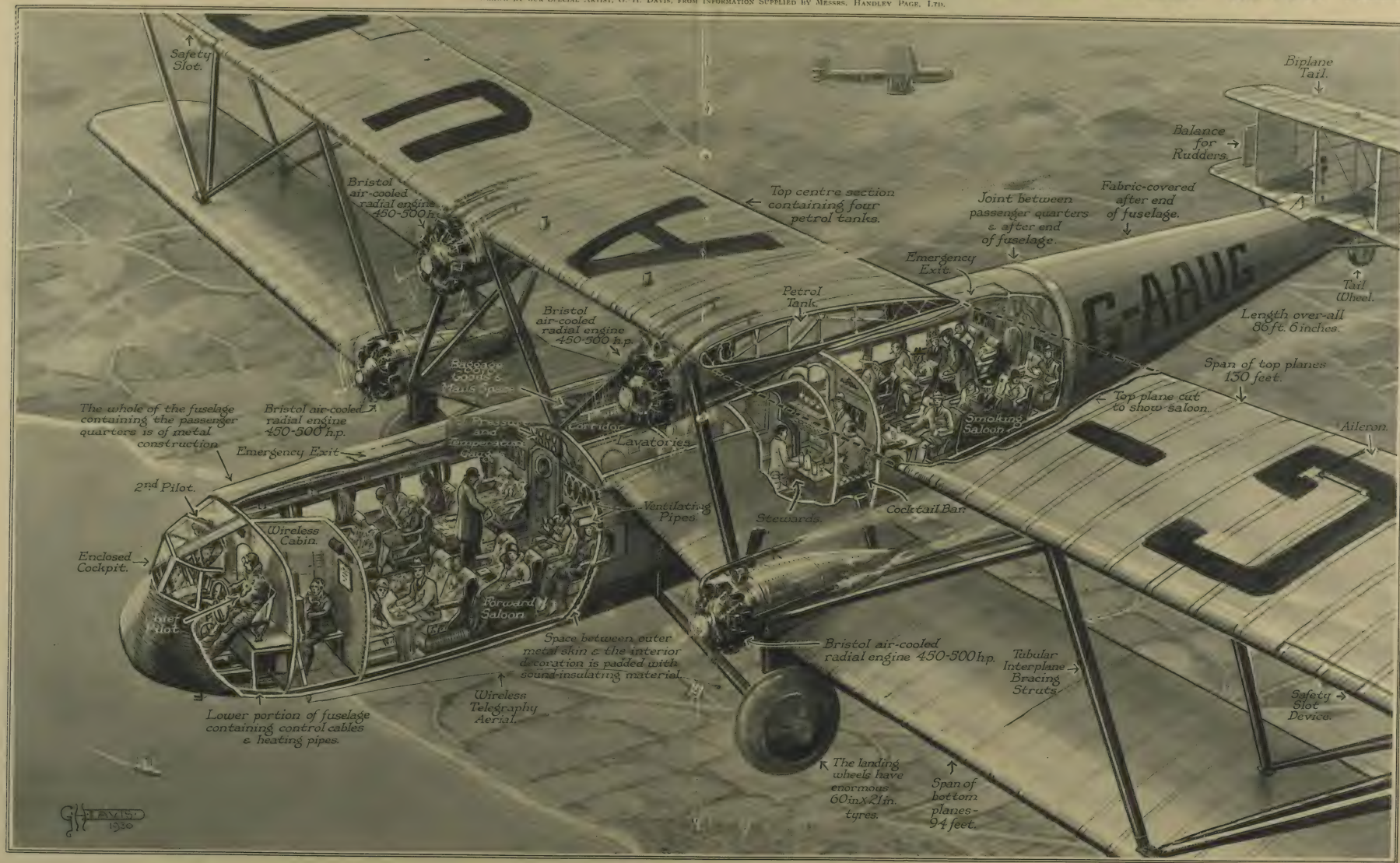
As noted above, over a thousand officers, petty officers and men attended the annual reunion (organised by the Royal Naval Division Association) at the Crystal Palace, which is illustrated by another photograph on this page. At this ceremony, Commodore Sir Richard Williams-Bullerley, who commanded the depot throughout the war, opened the R.N.V.R. War Museum. Among other war trophies of unusual interest exhibited was that illustrated above—namely, the raft used by Lieut-Col. Freyberg, V.C., when he swam ashore to Gallipoli and placed flares close to the Bulair lines, in April 1915.



INDIAN ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE IN QUEEN ANNE'S DRAWING-ROOM, AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE. the King's Private Secretary. In welcoming the delegates, the Prime Minister said there were two things they must keep in mind—first, they were to cooperate together; secondly, everyone must be animated by a determination to succeed. After considering a number of recommendations by the Business Committee—relating to questions of procedure, agenda, and of information to the Press—a line was left for only three speeches—that of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the Maharajah of Bikaner and Mr. Jayakar. Sir Tej Bahadur said that "this is absolutely the first time in the history of the connection of India with England that such a big gesture has been made by England towards India." The Maharajah of Bikaner spoke of the ultimate attainment of Dominion Status under the Crown.

BRITAIN'S SHARE IN BUILDING GIANT PASSENGER AIRCRAFT: A 40-SEATER OF THE NEW IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLEET.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. HANDLEY PAGE, LTD.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST PASSENGER AEROPLANE: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF ONE OF THE BIG NEW MACHINES FOR IMPERIAL AIRWAYS.

Messrs. Handley Page are building a fleet of new gigantic air-liners for Imperial Airways, the first of which made a successful trial flight at Radlett, Herts, on November 17. Four, known as the Western type, will be used on Continental routes, and four, of the Eastern type, on the East and South African routes. Externally, they are alike, but the Western type has larger seating capacity, and the Eastern more cargo and mail space. The Western type (illustrated above) accommodates forty passengers, and for the first time in British aeroplanes the after saloon will be a smoking-room, so that the smoker will be able to enjoy a cigar, cigarette, or pipe in the air as he (or she) now does on the ground or on the sea. These magnificent machines have a monocoque all-metal fuselage containing the passenger quarters, whilst the after end is a framework of metal tubes covered with fabric, with the deadening of engine and propeller noises is far in advance of anything hitherto effected. For this purpose, the cabins are placed below the planes, and the luggage and lavatory accommodation is arranged in that portion of the fuselage between the propellers, to form an efficient sound-damping bulk-head.

There is also a packing of balsam wool between the outer hull and the interior decoration. The machines are fitted with dual control, and the pilots now sit in an enclosed cockpit with an unrestricted field of view forward. The top and bottom planes are of unequal span, the former measuring 130 ft. and the latter, 94 ft. In the top centre section (25 ft. above the ground) are the four petrol-tanks, and the planes are braced with tubular struts. All the new machines have four radial air-cooled Bristol engines, each of 450-600 h.p., either of the "Jupiter" or "Mercury" types—driving tractor airscrews, and giving an estimated cruising speed at 1000 ft. of just over a hundred miles per hour. The two great landing wheels are tyred with 60-in. by 21-in. pneumatic tyres, whilst another wheel at the tail takes the place of the usual skid. Safety in flight has been a prime consideration. The pilots are provided with instruments of the latest type, while the main planes and also the rudders are fitted with the patent Handley Page "slots." The wireless operator now has his own cabin containing the latest equipment for telegraphic, telephonic, and directional wireless. These mighty air-liners will definitely raise the already high prestige of Imperial Airways.

1903 — TROUBLE ; 1930 — RELIABILITY : THE MOTOR-CAR'S WONDERFUL ADVANCE.



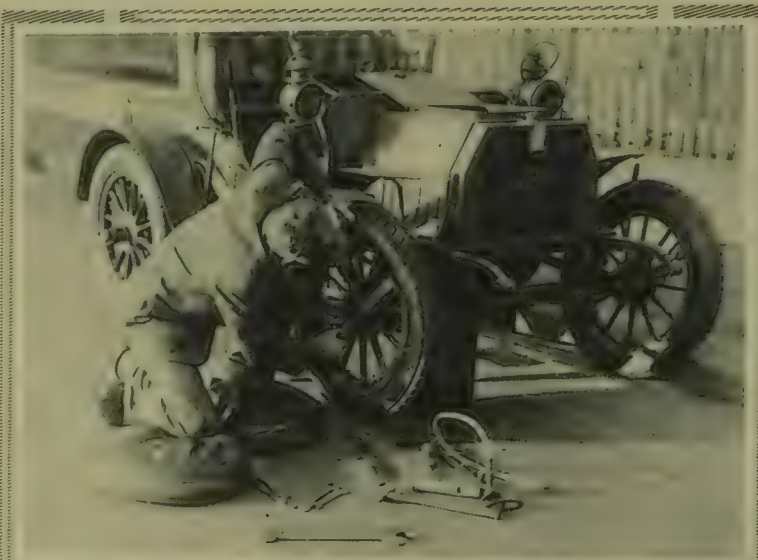
"MISS 1930 MEETS MR. 1903": A NEW ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY ENCLOSED CAR, A "DRAWING-ROOM ON WHEELS," SIDE BY SIDE WITH ITS ROOFLESS LITTLE "ANCESTOR"—A STRIKING CONTRAST.



THE BUGBEAR OF THE EARLY MOTORIST—GEARS: A PROCESS THAT INVOLVED (AS HERE SHOWN) GRIM DETERMINATION ON A 1903 CAR, VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE EASY SELF-CHANGING OF 1930.



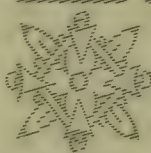
THE DICKEY SEAT OF 1903: A DRAUGHTY POSITION, BUT ENABLING THE OCCUPANT TO GIVE WARNING WHEN THE TAIL-LIGHT (AS OFTEN) WENT OUT—AN OCCURRENCE AT ONCE ANNOUNCED IN MODERN CARS BY A DASH-BOARD INDICATOR.



WHAT A PUNCTURE MEANT IN 1903: A STRUGGLE TO LIFT THE CAR ON TO A WOODEN BLOCK, REMOVE THE TYRE COVER, REPAIR THE INNER TUBE, AND WAIT FOR IT TO SET—USUALLY AN HOUR.



THE FIRST CAR TO LAP BROOKLANDS: THE OLD 1903 SIDDELEY—ITS BONNET CONVENIENT IN ONE RESPECT, AS IT COULD BE EXAMINED FROM THE DRIVING-SEAT BY RAISING THE LID.



A CONTRAST TO THE MODERN ELECTRIC LIGHT CONTROLLED WITH ONE HAND WHILE DRIVING: ADJUSTING A 1903 OIL LAMP, OFTEN BLOWN OUT BY GUSTS OF WIND.

Nothing could better illustrate the wonderful development of the motor-car, in the last twenty-seven years, than these interesting photographs of the old Siddeley of 1903, compared (in the first picture—top left) with its latest modern descendant, the Armstrong-Siddeley (new model) of to-day. The 1903 car here shown, it may be mentioned, belonged to Mr. Lock-King, the owner of Brooklands, and has the distinction of being the first car that ever lapped the famous track. It is one of many interesting old vehicles entered for the R.A.C. Emancipation Day Run for veteran cars from London to Brighton on Sunday, November 23. The entries closed with a total of fifty-seven. This Run has been organised by the Royal Automobile Club to celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of the day,

which meant emancipation for motorists, when the Act of 1896 came into force permitting motor-cars to run upon the highway without being preceded by a man with a red flag! The event also serves to give much amusement to enthusiasts who track old cars down and get them into running order, and it provides the public with a most realistic idea of what the pioneers of the motoring movement had to contend with in the way of difficulties and discomfort. Several of the cars entered for this Run have spent many years lying neglected in fields and sheds in various parts of the country, and have been rescued from decay and oblivion to take their places as examples of various stages in the development of the present-day car.

DUBLIN EMULATES CALCUTTA: THE GREAT IRISH SWEEPSTAKE.



BLIND BOYS MAKING THE DRAW FOR THE IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKE ON THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP: THE SCENE AT DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE—GENERAL O'DUFFY (IN UNIFORM) WAITING TO RECEIVE A COUNTERFOIL BEING DRAWN OUT BY PADDY FROM THE BIG "DRUM"; JACKIE READY TO DRAW A HORSE'S NAME FROM THE SMALL DRUM (IN FRONT); AND THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN (SEATED ON LEFT) LOOKING ON.

PRELIMINARIES TO THE "DRAW" FOR A SWEEPSTAKE THAT PRODUCED A TOTAL SUM OF OVER £650,000 AND PROVIDED OVER £130,000 FOR DUBLIN HOSPITALS, WIPING OFF THEIR DEBTS: GIRLS AT THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE ENGAGED IN MIXING A VAST MASS OF COUNTERFOILS BEARING THE NAMES OF TICKET-HOLDERS.



The draw for the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake on the Manchester November Handicap took place at the Mansion House, Dublin, on November 17, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and supervised by General O'Duffy, Chief of the Irish Free State Police. It was announced by Lord Powerscourt that the total proceeds amounted to £658,618, of which £409,527 was allotted for prizes, and £131,724 would be divided among six Dublin hospitals. The actual drawing of winning counterfoils and names of horses was done by four blind boys from St. Joseph's Home, Dublin. The vast mass of over a million counterfoils, bearing names of ticket-holders from all parts of the world, had first been mixed (as shown in our lower illustration) and then poured, by hospital nurses, into the

huge cylindrical revolving drum shown above. The smaller revolving drum in front contained names of horses. The proceedings took four hours. The blind boys, Paddy (seen drawing a counterfoil through a porthole in the great drum) and Jackie (standing beside the small drum), were later relieved by two other boys, and General O'Duffy, who left on official duty, was replaced by Mr. Edgar Wallace. On November 10, it may be recalled, the British General Post Office announced that, by order of the Home Secretary, Mr. J. R. Clynes, it would not forward any more packets addressed to the promoters of the sweepstake, as relating to a lottery. The Hospitals Committee then announced that the Home Secretary's action would not prevent the sweepstake being carried on.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



Mr. John Tweed, the well-known sculptor, recently completed the large clay model of the War Memorial to be placed in the House of Lords, and the work has been approved by Lords Craufurd, Salisbury, and Donoughmore. Its completion has been delayed for various reasons, including uncertainty as to where it was to be placed, and at one time Mr. Tweed resigned the task, but accepted it again later. The group represents Youth handing back the sword to La Patrie.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS WAR MEMORIAL: THE CLAY MODEL OF MR. JOHN TWEED'S FINE SYMBOLIC GROUP OF SCULPTURE.



A FAMOUS PAINTER'S WORK FOR THE INDIAN CAPITAL: MANTELPiece DECORATIONS BY PHILIP CONNARD, R.A., FOR THE BALL-ROOM OF THE VICEROY'S HOUSE AT NEW DELHI. Now that Indian affairs are so much to the fore with the discussions at the Round-Table Conference in London, special interest attaches to the work of completing the interiors of the Government buildings at New Delhi. We illustrate here two remarkable "mantelpiece decorations" recently executed by Mr. Philip Connard, R.A., for the ball-room at the Viceroy's House. The Indian Government, it may be recalled, returned to Delhi, after the annual summer migration to Simla, at the end of October.



AN OIL GUSHER THAT MENACED OKLAHOMA CITY WITH FIRE UNTIL CAPPED: A HUGE COLUMN OF OIL AND GAS. A big oil gusher at Oklahoma City, U.S.A., recently broke loose and spouted a huge column of oil and gas, exposing the city to risk of devastating fire. Fifty rubber-clad men in mica masks succeeded in capping the gusher with a two-ton cone lowered from a derrick. One spark would have meant death for them all.



THE FABLED BIRTHPLACE OF KING ARTHUR TO BE A NATIONAL POSSESSION: TINTAGEL CASTLE, CORNWALL.

It was stated recently that the Office of Works was on the point of concluding negotiations with the Duchy of Cornwall to schedule Tintagel Castle and 34 acres for preservation under the Ancient Monuments Act.



THE NEW RAILWAY ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN CITY: AN IMPOSING ARCH SURMOUNTED BY THE PAPAL ARMS. When the Pope resumed temporal power, it was arranged to construct a new railway station inside the Vatican City, connected with St. Peter's Station in Rome; also to build a special papal train. Our photograph shows the gateway, with sliding doors, through which the line will enter the Vatican City.



COOLING AN OIL-TANKER BY ARTIFICIAL "RAIN" TO MINIMISE RISK OF FIRE AND EVAPORATION: TESTING SPRINKLERS ON BOARD THE NEW SHIP, "CHEYENNE." The Anglo-American Oil Company's new 12,400-ton motor-tanker, "Cheyenne," built on the Tyne, and recently due to start on her maiden voyage, is provided with an artificial "rain" apparatus for cooling decks and cabins. The water will keep the oil-tanks cool in hot weather and minimise the risk of fire and loss of cargo by evaporation. The "Cheyenne" is one of the largest single-screw motor-tankers afloat. She can carry 3,450,000 gallons of motor-spirit and oil.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH RAPPROCHEMENT: M. VENIZELOS, THE PREMIER OF GREECE WITH HIS WIFE, LEAVING AFTER A VISIT TO THE PATRIARCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE. M. Venizelos, the Prime Minister of Greece, recently visited the Turkish capital at Angora, and on October 27 was received in audience by the President of the Turkish Republic, Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The past, present, and future relations between Greece and Turkey, it is said, were frankly discussed. Treaties of friendship and commerce between the two countries were signed at Angora on October 30. Afterwards M. Venizelos went on to Constantinople.

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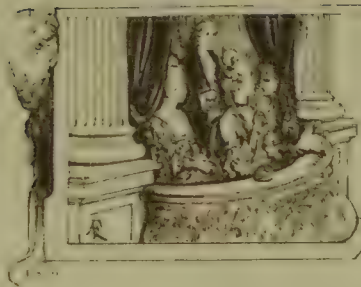
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The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"DASSAN."

WHEN I was very young I had a fine book, very bravely illustrated, called "Gulliver's Travels." One of the many pictures over which I



WITH THE TROGLODYTE MATMATAS OF TUNISIA: A POST OFFICE OF A PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN CAVES.—AS SHOWN IN "ON THE EDGE OF THE SAHARA."

"The whole life of the Matmatas," it is chronicled, "is spent in caves, and their public rooms, post offices, and so on, are arranged accordingly."—[By Courtesy of Ufa Educational Films.]

gloated was that of a huge Gulliver, legs astraddle across the kingdom of the Lilliputians, with swarms of tiny people all around and about him. As I was watching the enchanting film at the Polytechnic called "Dassan," that old, long-forgotten picture suddenly sprang into life. Cherry Kearton was my Gulliver, and he had invaded the realm of the Lilliputians once again. For Dassan, a rocky island less than three miles long, somewhere off the coast of South Africa, is a stronghold of penguins, a densely-populated island on which Mr. Kearton spent many months collecting his material for this intimate chronicle of bird life. Now, there is nothing more amazingly, comically human in bird or animal life than the penguin. Time and again, as the fearless black-coated little fellows, with their nice white shirt-fronts, come crowding round the tall human in their midst, time and again as they trot about their business, exceedingly *affaires*, the illusion of a Lilliputian host of men and women is created.

Whenever the penguin has invaded a travel-picture, as in various Antarctic exploration films, he has brought with him a note of jollity and an appealing personality which no one could resist. It was a happy inspiration on the part of Mr. Kearton, one of the greatest, certainly the kindest, of hunters, to base a whole entertainment on the life and habits of this quaint bird. He has done his work in a fashion to charm both young and old. From the moment Mr. Kearton's boat touches the rocky shore of Dassan, to be met by all the feathered folk with loud cries, or, rather, brays (for these are the jackass-penguins), of welcome, we come under the spell of the little island and its small inhabitants. It steals into our hearts as did the magic isle of Mary Rose. When—the mating and the moulting season over, and the youngsters full-fledged—the entire colony migrates to warmer climes, I trembled, for I feared that we had lost Dassan for ever. I chafed at this excursion to the mainland, although Mr. Kearton has some interesting things to show us in the South African up-river jungle—the rare

white rhino, the gnu, and the cobra in deadly warfare with the truculent mongoose. I still consider the digression a mistake, for not only is this journey of the penguin, amusingly described though it is in diary form by one of the island's "elders," more or less guesswork, but, strange as it may seem, we stay-at-homes have travelled so far and so often—*via* the screen, be it understood—amongst the jungle-folk that we seemed to be getting back again to well-nigh familiar haunts. And that, by the way, is a significant sidelight on the widening of our horizons through the agency of the kinema.

Fortunately, Mr. Kearton permits us a final glimpse of Dassan, a final farewell to its captivating owners, a final reminder of the penguins' charming sociability. Never having been harmed or disturbed by the strange two-legged creature suddenly emerging, as it must have seemed to them, from the sea, the birds accept his presence with polite curiosity, and soon get back to the order of the day. Thanks to Mr. Kearton's patience and his camera, we are able to watch the penguins at their courting and their quarrels. We see the difficulties of their housing problems, the building of their homes, some scooped out beneath the sand, some built on stony surfaces. We see their pitiful little tragedies and their most joyous games. They seek their recreation, naturally, in the sunlit, tumbling waves, or in secluded pools more suited to the requirements of the "select." It is here, along the fretted seashore, that rare beauty comes to this exhilarating picture. Having squatly jumped—for the penguin does not dive, I now perceive—into the sparkling water, the birds swim beneath the surface, eyes and ears cunningly protected and aided by an air-pocket in their throats, for great distances—swift, feathered submarines.

The camera-work which discloses this particularly clever achievement—one amongst many—is wholly admirable, only equalled by the superb scenes of stormy seas, great rollers that dash themselves in foaming frenzy

on to the stony bulwarks of Dassan, yet bearing on their angry breasts hundreds of undaunted little flippered fishermen. The breakers seem to carry them to destruction, yet up they bob again beyond the line of danger. After the fishing, the birds come waddling homewards, heavy with their catch, and, in order that they may not slip on the well-beaten, often muddy, track, their ingenuity has suggested a bit of engineering. The whole path has been cut into "non-skid" ribs by the birds' beaks! This almost uncanny ingenuity comes into play at every stage of the penguins' home-life. It turns them at nesting-time into arrant and unabashed thieves, stealing building material from each other, or, with truly comical enterprise, from Mr. Kearton's tent under his very nose. It turns their "scraps" into organised prize-fights, and, with the help of



FORCIBLE FEEDING FOR A SNAKE-CHARMER'S REPTILIAN "STAR": EGG-AND-MILK ADMINISTERED WITH THE AID OF A FUNNEL.—IN THE UFA FILM, "ON THE EDGE OF THE SAHARA."

The film "Am Rande der Sahara" ("On the Edge of the Sahara"), is a German educational sound-film, the production of the Ufa Educational Department. With regard to the photograph here given, it is written: "The snakes often refuse to take nourishment. So as not to lose the services of his valuable 'stars,' the snake-charmer feeds his reptiles forcibly. Milk and eggs are administered."

By Courtesy of Ufa Educational Films.

the explorer's kindly, sympathetic humour, it enlivens their engrossing traffic from beginning to end. To the student of screen-craft, the film has yet another interesting aspect—that of its editing. Mr. Kearton's long experience has taught him how to handle his subjects in a masterly fashion. His leave-taking of the island and its denizens, for instance, from the crown of a tall boulder, with the friendly mob of birds jostling each other and pressing forward in seemingly polite regret for the departure of a valued guest, is as skilfully edited as any human "crowd-scene." Screen-craft, hand in hand with Nature, has moulded "Dassan" into a picture not only rich in information, but gay and buoyant as a morning breeze.

A NEW SENSATION.

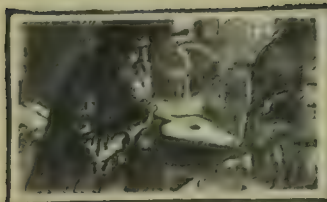
When the talking-picture boom first broke upon an incredulous world, it came sensationally, it is true, but not fortuitously. The technique of silent-film production had, at many points, reached its apex. Cameras and personnel were almost one in the efficiency with which each had learned to play its different rôle. The response of the experienced screen actor to given situations and direction was scarcely less dependable than the results achieved by the operator's crank-handle or the clicking of his shutter. Moreover, the public, as well as studio staffs, knew exactly what to expect. There was nothing new beneath the sun of the arc-lights. And with this fading of novelty came an inevitable slackening of interest and, in many quarters, a falling-off in attendances at picture-theatres. New blood had to be infused, and infused quickly, if the commercial kinema was not to perish of pernicious anæmia due to over-familiarity.

[Continued on page 954.]



CARRYING A "READING-BOARD" ON WHICH TEXTS FROM THE KORAN ARE WRITTEN: A TUNISIAN SHEPHERD—AS SEEN IN THE FILM "ON THE EDGE OF THE SAHARA."

"The shepherd of Southern Tunisia acquires religion and education in his leisure hours. Texts from the Koran are written on wood and distributed to the nomads by the marabouts."—[By Courtesy of Ufa Educational Films.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHETHER we study the ways of the creeping things of the earth or the beasts of the field, we find in all surprising results of the "shifts for a living," which force of circumstances has compelled them to make: shifts that have enabled them to break away from the

position, since it will find a convenient means of transport in various species of the larger cetaceans, though never, I think, on the swift-moving dolphins and porpoises. But here again, if and when these whales disappear their travelling companions must go with them.

So far I have mentioned only "travelling companions" which are mere passengers, enjoying benefits but conferring none. There are, however, a surprising number of instances where sedentary types more than pay their passage when they fasten on to wandering hosts. In some cases, indeed, the passenger is deliberately chosen for

the sake of the advantage to be derived from its presence, and many instances of this are furnished by the hermit-crabs. They, for the protection of their soft bodies, seize, as a rule, upon empty shells of periwinkles or whelks, according to their need. But some have adopted strange expedients. They show a fondness for sea-anemones. Colonel Alcock describes a species of *Chloenopagurus* which thrusts its body into a colony of sea-anemones (Fig. 2). It was discovered originally by Dr. Anderson off the Malabar coast,

at a depth of 102 fathoms. It has never been found without this protective blanket, and never uses a shell as a habitation, after the fashion of hermit-crabs. The advantage to the crab is obvious. For the sea-anemones are always armed with a formidable battery of stinging-cells, and hence are given a wide berth by predatory animals. The anemone profits by picking up fragments of food scattered by the crab in tearing its food to pieces. Another, the hairy-handed hermit-crab, *Parapagurus pilosimanus* (Fig. 3)—found in deep water all the world over—early in life thrusts its naked body into a cast-off shell. "The outside of the shell," remarks Dr. Alcock, "soon becomes appropriated by a colony of zoophytes (*Epizoanthus*), and, as the two creatures grow, they gradually absorb the shell, until at last they come into actual contact, the hermit-crab being finally embedded in the common tissue of the zoophytes." Here, we must assume, the zoophytes seek the shell occupied by the crab for the sake of assuring an easy food-supply. There is another hermit-crab, and that of our own seas (*Eupagurus prideauxi*) (Fig. 4), which lives in the empty shell of a whelk, and always this is surmounted by the anemone *Adamsia*. When it requires a larger shell, it will wrench off the anemone and replace it on the new shell with its pincers. Sometimes, however, it is saved this trouble, for the anemone, by absorbing the shell, provides a permanent habitation in its own soft body.

Another nearly-related species, *E. bernhardus*, often houses within its shell one of the bristle-footed worms (*Nereilepas fucata*) which may sometimes be observed to thrust out its head when the crab is feeding, and to snatch away fragments of the food from the very jaws of its host! But the hermits are not the only crabs which display a fondness for anemones, and an instinctive appreciation of the value of their self-imposed burden. For the little tropical crab *Melia tessellata* carries in each claw a little anemone which it thrusts in the face of its enemies. To this end the pincers have developed recurved teeth to hold the slippery bodies of the anemones. The crabs afford so many instances of this kind that I can but cite one more. This is the case of a *Dromia*, which carries on its back a mass of living sponge, holding it in position by means of the last two pairs of legs. The crab certainly derives benefit from

this association, for few animals will eat sponges. But it is doubtful whether the sponge is in any way profited. The Polyzoa, concerning which I have had something to say on this page recently, afford many instances of curious associations with other animals. The genus *Loxosoma* is, indeed, almost invariably found as a "travelling companion." One species, common in the Channel Islands, is found only on the tip of the tail of the gephyrean worm *Phascolosoma*, which inhabits the mud of the zostera-beds. Another is to be found only on the belly of the

polychaete worm *Aphrodite*, and its ally, *Hermione*. One of the rock-perches (*Minous inermis*), which live in the crannies of coral-reefs, has its body encrusted with the hydriform-polyps of *Stylactis minoi* (Fig. 1), and this fish has never yet been found without this coat of polyps; nor have these ever been found save on this particular fish. They seem to take the place of the usual floating filaments of skin developed by other rock-fishes, whereby they assume a resemblance, when at rest, to the seaweeds by which they are surrounded. It is certainly curious that *Minous*, alone of its tribe, should have no skin filaments. Were these lost when the living polyps found profit in attaching themselves to the fish for the sake of being transported to pastures new without effort?

There is a very remarkable association between jellyfish and young fishes. The umbrellas, or bells, of large jelly-fishes are often used as a harbour of refuge by young horse-mackerel. And other fish-fry have been found sheltering among the clustering polyps that hang from the floating disc of *Porpita*. How do these little innocents avoid being paralysed by the stinging-cells of the jellyfish? And do they instinctively seek this shelter as if they realised that here they would be safe from "their enemies?" Bathers well know the power of these stinging-cells. But young fishes are not the

only sea-dwellers that seek sanctuary here, for the little globular crustacea of the genus *Hyperia* are always to be found sheltering under the bells of large jelly-fish, accompanying them wherever they go. Finally, I must mention the sucking-fish, *Remora*, which, by an extraordinary transformation of its first dorsal fin, has evolved a powerful oval sucker on the top of its head, whereby it fastens itself to sharks, whales, turtles, and other swiftly-moving creatures of large size, as well as to boats. Here they ride securely, till, passing a shoal of smaller fishes, they detach themselves to prey on their un-



FIG. 1. A SPECIES OF FISH ALWAYS ENCRUSTED WITH POLYPS: ONE OF THE ROCK-PERCHES (*MINOUS INERMIS*) WITH ITS TRAVELLING COMPANIONS, SMALL POLYZOA.

This fish is found off the coast of India, and is always more or less encrusted with polyzoa, which seem to take the place of the loose filaments of skin, simulating seaweed, found in other rock-perches.

mode of life common to their tribe. And we find evidence of this throughout the whole range of the animal kingdom, beginning with the Protozoa; creatures consisting of but a single particle of protoplasm, and, for the most part, needing a microscope for their discovery. This was forcibly brought home to me the other day, when I was examining some of those minute crustacea known as water-fleas and cyclops. For their tiny bodies, little bigger than pins' heads, were encrusted by small colonies of *Bell-animalculæ*, of the genus *Epistylis*.

There are many species of the *Bell-animalculæ*, the best-known of which belong to the genus *Vorticella*. All are of great beauty, looking like long-stalked wine-glasses, crystal clear, and with delicate waving cilia fringing the rim. The slightest tap on the stage of the microscope causes the stem to contract, bringing the delicate body down to the base of support. A moment later it starts to rise again, the stem twisted like a corkscrew, until at last it is straight again. But the *Vorticellæ* of the little crustaceans had extremely short stalks. This was an adjustment to comparatively rapid motion through the water, for long stems could not stand the strain. What they have lost in grace they have gained in mobility, for they are now constantly borne about to fresh feeding-places. Their hosts appear to be in no way hampered by the thickly-clustering little bodies which they have to bear about with them; nor do they apparently derive any advantage from this living garment, for they are commonly found without it. But, it is to be noted, *Epistylis* has now "burnt its boats," and can only live where water-fleas and their like abound.

There are some crustacea, however, which have lost their power of movement, and must, perforce, spend their lives, after the larval stage is passed, anchored to one spot. These are the barnacles. Here, again, some of these have contrived to pass their lives in travel; as, for example, in the case of the "ship's barnacle," which was such a pest to the earlier navigators. But we can reckon this as a good parallel to the case of the *Bell-animalculæ*, for the movement of the ship is, for them, a fortunate accident. The case, however, is otherwise with the great sessile barnacle, *Coronula diadema*, which is only found attached to the body of the great humped-backed whale, whereon it fastens, sometimes on the flanks, but generally along the flippers. With the extinction of this whale, if it be not already accomplished, *Coronula* will also disappear. Another species, *Xenobalanus globicipitis*, is in a somewhat more secure



FIG. 3. IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH ZOOPHYTES THAT ABSORB THE SHELL: THE HAIRY-HANDED HERMIT-CRAB (*PARAPAGURUS PILOSIMANUS*).

After the manner of its tribe, this crab thrusts its naked body into an empty shell, which soon becomes covered with zoophytes, and these presently absorb the shell so that the body of the crab and the zoophytes are in close contact.



FIG. 2. USING SEA-ANEMONES AS A PROTECTIVE BLANKET, IN PREFERENCE TO A SHELL: ANDERSON'S HERMIT-CRAB (*CHLOENOPAGURUS ANDERSONI*).

This crab was first found off the Malabar coast. It never uses a shell as a habitation, after the usual fashion of hermit-crabs, but always thrusts its body into a colony of sea-anemones. Both gain from the alliance.

only sea-dwellers that seek sanctuary here, for the little globular crustacea of the genus *Hyperia* are always to be found sheltering under the bells of large jelly-fish, accompanying them wherever they go.

Finally, I must mention the sucking-fish, *Remora*, which, by an extraordinary transformation of its first dorsal fin, has evolved a powerful oval sucker on the top of its head, whereby it fastens itself to sharks, whales, turtles, and other swiftly-moving creatures of large size, as well as to boats. Here they ride securely, till, passing a shoal of smaller fishes, they detach themselves to prey on their un-



FIG. 4. OCCUPYING AN EMPTY WHELK-SHELL, THAT IS SURMOUNTED BY THE SEA-ANEMONE *ADAMSIA*: A BRITISH HERMIT-CRAB (*EUPAGURUS PRIDEAUXI*). Sometimes the shell is absorbed, or dissolved, by the anemone, so that the body of the crab becomes embedded in that of the anemone.

suspecting victims. We have in these travelling companionships the first steps towards parasitism. Probably most, if not all, internal parasites fell into their evil ways as a consequence of adopting this easy means of transportation.

OF AGE THIS WEEK: THE LEGITIMISTS' "KING OF HUNGARY."



THE ARCHDUKE OTTO, WHO ATTAINED HIS MAJORITY ON NOVEMBER 20, WHEN HE WAS EIGHTEEN: THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ELDEST SON OF THE LAST EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY.



IN HUNGARIAN DRESS AND WEARING THE ORDER OF ST. STEPHEN FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE ARCHDUKE OTTO, WHOSE COMING-OF-AGE THE HUNGARIAN LEGITIMISTS ARE CELEBRATING.



THE ARCHDUKE OTTO'S YOUNGEST SISTER: THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH, WHO WAS BORN IN MAY 1922.



WHEN HIS FATHER WORE THE CROWN THE LEGITIMISTS WOULD HAVE HIM WEAR: THE ARCHDUKE OTTO AT THE TIME OF THE CORONATION IN 1916—WITH HIS FATHER, CHARLES I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY, AND HIS MOTHER, THE EMPRESS ZITA.



THE ARCHDUKE OTTO'S ELDEST SISTER: THE ARCHDUCHESS ADELAIDE, WHO WAS BORN IN JANUARY 1914.

The Archduke Otto, the Legitimists' King of Hungary, attained his majority on November 20, when he was eighteen. At the moment of writing, the Legitimists are reported to have made great preparations to honour the event, but have denied that there is any idea of a Monarchist *putsch*. It was understood, however, that the veteran Count Albert Apponyi would address a banquet given by the "League of the Holy Crown," and would emphasise the importance of the official declaration that the Archduke had come of age. It was also arranged that a Legitimist deputation should leave Budapest on November 15, in order to bear to "King Otto," in his exile at Steenockerzeel,

the devotion of his Legitimist subjects. A few months ago, it was reported that the young Archduke, studying at Louvain University under the name of the Duke of Bar, had passed certain examinations with great success. Hungary, it should be recalled, is officially considered to be a Monarchy with a vacant throne, the functions of a monarch being exercised by a Regent, a state of affairs decided upon in 1920 after the country had been a Republic for a while, then under a Soviet Government, then under a National Government. King Charles abdicated on November 13, 1918, and died in April 1922. The Archduke Otto is the eldest of his five sons. There are also three daughters.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.



MRS. EDITH WHARTON, AUTHOR OF "CERTAIN PEOPLE."

"Certain People," a book of short stories, has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton. Mrs. Wharton, we may add, has been elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and is only the second woman to receive that honour.

Christening has not made Mr. Brett Young's characters dumb; talking has not made Mr. Arnold Bennett's characters unchristian. Religion, indeed, has a much smaller rôle in both books than conversation. We do not find "Jim Redlake" peopled by taciturn Christians, nor "Imperial Palace" manned by garrulous heathens. The proportion of polite conversation to professing Christianity is about the same in each—that is to say, very unequal.

But if we do not find in religious issues the cleavage we expected, in other ways the books present an interesting contrast. Mr. Bennett's method is intensive; Mr. Brett Young's is extensive. The great majority of the eighty-five talkers are either gathered together within the sumptuous apartments of the Imperial Palace Hotel or else owe their livelihood directly to it. Mr. Brett Young's ninety-four Christians, on the other hand, are to be found in the Black Country, in Leicestershire, in Winchester, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, in South Africa. The action of Mr. Bennett's novel is centred in a few weeks in the life of Evelyn Orham, a widower in the late forties, managing director of the Imperial Palace Hotel; Mr. Brett Young follows the fortunes of Jim Redlake from childhood to marriage. Mr. Bennett's characters have two chief preoccupations—making love and making money; Mr. Brett Young's are variously occupied, but "business" plays only a small part in their lives. Mr. Bennett introduces us to all sorts and conditions of men, but they nearly all, from millionaire to commissioner, form part of the

"IMPERIAL PALACE" and "Jim Redlake" have this in common—they are both very long books, very thickly populated. "Imperial Palace," Mr. Arnold Bennett tells us, contains eighty-five "speaking characters"; while the "christened characters" in "Jim Redlake" number ninety-four. There is the hint of a distinction here. Is it more important, from the novelist's point of view, that a character should be baptised, or that he should be articulate? It is a nice point: but neither of the novels in question helps one to decide it.



MISS ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK (MRS. BASIL DE SELINCOURT), WHOSE "PHILIPPA" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

The publishers of "Philippa" are Messrs. Constable.



MR. J. MURRAY GIBBON, WHOSE "MELODY AND THE LYRIC" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Mr. John Murray Gibbon has just written another book which will enhance his reputation—"Melody and the Lyric," published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons. He is a Scot, but he has lived and worked in Canada for some years. His novels include "Drums Afar," "Pagan Love," and "The Eyes of a Gipsy," and among his other books are "Scots in Canada" and "Canadian Folk Songs, Old and New." "Melody and the Lyric" is a serious contribution to musical history, and shows how poets have written for music—from the days of Chaucer to the Restoration.

hierarchy of the hotel, and have their appropriate rung on the ladder of success: for in this novel Mr. Bennett's conception of society is vertical, though there is freedom to rise and fall, and the meanest member of the hotel staff carries a millionaire's pass-book in his pocket. The world of Jim Redlake, too, admits of ranks, conditions, and degrees, but they are interwoven rather than superimposed, for they are connected by contiguity and circumstance, not by financial indebtedness and responsibility. Lord Essendine, the Viceroy, gives no orders to Jim Redlake, who loved his daughter Cynthia. The phases through which Jim passes—mother's darling to schoolboy, schoolboy to poet, poet to medical student, medical student to farmer in South Africa, farmer to soldier, casualty to convalescent, poor man to rich man—are threaded on a string; he develops, not as a result of pressure, but as the changing circumstances of his life dictate; and each set of circumstances, though connected with the rest, has its own scene, its own personnel, its own little entity.

"Imperial Palace" and "Jim Redlake" are both excellent novels, worthy of their distinguished authors, though both give the reader a suspicion that quality has been sacrificed to magnitude. For myself I prefer "Jim Redlake": one gets a better impression of the world through the windows of a train than through the doors of a lift.

"Mosaic" is another big, ambitious book. It is a dynastic novel, third of the series in which Miss Stern has set forth the varying fortunes of the Rakonitz family. The Rakonitzs were Jews. Simon Rakonitz, founder of the family, was born in 1776: he had nine children, all but one of whom married; so that Miss Stern's task of keeping an eye on all the branches, which have spread to most of the countries of Europe, is no light one. Compared with the Rakonitzs, the Forsytes were a sterile race. Reading "Mosaic" without having had the advantage and pleasure of acquaintance with its predecessors is bewildering; one feels helpless and at sea, as though one had been born into the world without parents and grandparents.

The family tree at the end of the book is a help, though not a relaxation; more effective in rivetting the reader's interest is the character of Berthe (born 1867, daughter of Lena Rakonitz). As she forces her way through the story, whether in London, Paris, or Vienna, singing, boasting, quarrelling, warm-hearted, overbearing, intolerant, self-satisfied, she gives an extraordinary impression of life and personality. The book hangs on her, and she easily sustains its not inconsiderable weight.

The Forsytes would not have liked the Rakonitzs, nor, despite the ostentation and display with which the latter lived, would they have regarded them as financially sound. They had their impulsive moments, but a continual ebullience and effervescence of character was not theirs. "On Forsyte

Imperial Palace. By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell; 10s. 6d.) Jim Redlake. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) Mosaic. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.) On Forsyte 'Change. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) Dumb-Animal. By Osbert Sitwell. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.) Laments for the Living. By Dorothy Parker. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.) Cakes and Ale. By Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) Adrian Glynde. By Martin Armstrong. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) Unwillingly to School. By Anne Allardice. (Benn; 7s. 6d.) A Middle-Class Man. By Leonhard Frank. (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.) Plain Murder. By C. S. Forester. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) Bitter Tea. By Grace Zaring Stone. (Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d.)

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"Change" is a collection of short stories illustrating the history of the family from 1826 to 1918, showing how individuals remained true to, or departed from, type; how they harmonised with, or rebelled against, the spirit of the times in which they lived. Mr. Galsworthy has the Forsyte psychology at his finger-tips; he can also give the special "feel" of any decade during the past century: uniting these two faculties, he has produced some admirable tales. The dynastic interest is altogether absent from the short stories of Mr. Osbert Sitwell; indeed, the chief point about his characters is that they are freaks, typical, perhaps, of certain psychological aberrations, but always to be thought of singly, never in groups, certainly not in family groups. It is their singularity, their futility, their extravagance, that attract Mr. Sitwell; and he loves to present them isolated



MISS DOROTHY PARKER, AUTHOR OF "LAMENTS FOR THE LIVING."



MRS. VIRGINIA WOOLF, WHOSE "A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN" AND "NIGHT AND DAY" HAVE BEEN REPRINTED.

The Hogarth Press has issued cheap editions of "A Room of One's Own" and "Night and Day."

satirist, and, within her field, a surer artist than Mr. Sitwell. But the field is a narrower one, and produces less varied crops. The types she chooses—shallow, drunken, feeble, pathetic specimens of contemporary American life—are remarkable for commonplaceness, not for eccentricity. Her irony is a delicate and precise instrument which she wields with the skill of a master. She seldom needs to make it explicit, for the characters show themselves up with every word she puts into their mouths. But one associates lamentation with monotony; and "Laments for the Living," for all its cleverness, is a little monotonous.

"Cakes and Ale" is the story of a barmaid who married a distinguished novelist and abandoned him. She was a gay, generous, common creature, most unsuited to the literary milieu into which she married. The novelist's friends looked askance at her and deplored her memory. Ashenden, who (we may take it) speaks on Mr. Somerset Maugham's behalf, defends her against her detractors. Though not, technically, a virtuous woman, she was worth (he thinks) all her husband's hangers-on put together. Mr. Somerset Maugham is one of the more persuasive of those champions who have taken up the cause of the disreputable against the respectable. Mr. Martin Armstrong's hero, Adrian Glynde, was, besides being a sensitive



MR. LEONHARD FRANK, AUTHOR OF "A MIDDLE-CLASS MAN."

[Continued on page 944.]



M.F.H.: "Well, thanks, I will! There's nothing like a long day in the saddle to make one appreciate the good things of life, and this brandy of yours is uncommon good. What is it—'65'?"

Old Stager: "Pooh! That seems to be the only idea some of you young fellows have about a brandy—what the date is supposed to be. If you're buying hounds at Rugby, what do you look for? How they are bred, who bred 'em, and their points. Same thing with brandy. The name of the shipper shows the breeding of a brandy—its points speak for themselves. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu, 35 years old."

M.F.H.: "I see. By Age out of Quality, you mean."

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

HENRY ALKEN AS COMIC ARTIST: "SYMPTOMS OF BEING AMUSED." (1822.)

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE name of Henry Alken, which necessarily dominates every book that deals with sporting prints, is scarcely mentioned in the many volumes which are devoted to the history of caricature. This is as it should be: Alken was a keen observer of country life, and few knew better than he the points of a dog or a horse; he took no part in political controversy, nor was he paid by Whig or Tory to throw mud at the opposite side. Yet though, historically speaking, he is of no account as a caricaturist, his many publications, such as the one whose title heads this article, do, I submit, merit more attention than they generally receive, if only because they reveal something of the social background of the 1820's in an extraordinarily intimate way.

During the whole of this decade an unmechanised and mainly agricultural Europe was slowly recovering from the effects of what was then the Great War. Castlereagh, the dominating English personality of the Peace Congress, ended his tragic life in 1822; Canning died in '27—and with these two it is not fantastic to suggest that the eighteenth century really ended. What of the artistic and literary background of the time? Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., much spoilt by early facile successes, was producing third-rate portraits until 1830. That strange genius, William Blake, who starved between his visions, died in 1827; Raeburn in 1823; Gilbert Stuart, the American, in 1828. Turner was long since famous, though he could still scandalise the old-fashioned; Constable was left to hand on the torch he had taken from Crome and Gainsborough. One young man, R. P. Bonington, who might have achieved indisputable greatness, died in 1828 at the age of twenty-seven. Both Keats and Shelley died during these years. In 1820 Thackeray (no mean caricaturist) was twenty-six; some years later a little boy had been sent to work in a factory by his unbusinesslike parents: his name was Charles Dickens.

Here, perhaps, we have the key to an understanding of popular humour, such as Alken provided. Dickens was an original genius who used the common idiom of his time, and moulded and refined it, and touched it with his own inimitable imagination until it appeared in 1837 as "The Posthumous Papers of The Pickwick Club." This is not to suggest that Alken as artist is to be compared with Dickens as novelist, but it is impossible to turn over the plates of this odd little collection of humorous aquatints without being irresistibly reminded of "The Pickwick Papers." There is a certain warm humanity combined with a childish sense of fun which is common to both, and which was enormously to the taste of the time. One must not push the resemblance very far: for example, Mr. Pickwick gets most decorously drunk and is taken off in a wheelbarrow in as genteel a manner as anyone could wish; Alken's drunkard is merely disgustingly sick into his top hat. Intemperance has always been funny in the eyes of simple souls; it is horrifying to us, and rightly so; but neither Alken's nor Dickens's public were in the very least perturbed by it.

It is in this sense that a book such as the one under discussion is so interesting, even though its artistic importance is very slight. Historically considered, a nation's jokes are more important than either treaties or battles: one can learn something from constitutions and legal enactments, but how much more from contemporary caricatures! A century hence people will turn up the pages of *Punch*

to see how the more refined section of the community reacted to the Great War; to-day we look to a dozen caricaturists, from Rowlandson onwards, to see how ordinary people lived a century or so ago. It is remarkable how little different in expression is the prize-fighting crowd of 1930 from that portrayed with deadly savagery by Rowlandson.

Many of the cartoons and caricatures of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth centuries are incredibly gross. Their quality can be judged from the story told of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, after her dismissal from Court: "Young man," said she to Dodington, afterwards the defender of Admiral Byng, "young man, you come from Italy. They tell me of a new invention there called caricatura drawing. Can you find me somebody that will make me a caricature of Lady Masham, describing her covered with running sores and ulcers, that I may send to the Queen to give her a slight idea of her favourite?"

Let us forget this sort of thing. An earlier age could be genuinely and quite subtly witty, as, for example, the sixteenth-century French drawing of Luther and Calvin standing on each side of the Pope and pulling his ears. At the same time Luther tweaks Calvin's beard, who, in his turn, throws a book at Luther's head.

There is no end to the material at the disposal of the collector without going so far back as the religious controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thomas Rowlandson is, of course,

and Josephine that we can best realise how the struggle between ourselves and the French appeared to the common man—nor does poor George III. escape his railing.

One obtains odd scraps of information from these humorous artists (heaven knows, they were by no means all artistic). We learn, for example, that in 1819 current slang called an exquisitely dressed man a Dandy, and a female exquisite a Dandyzette; while it is mainly to the invention of George Cruikshank, that prolific and most competent illustrator, that the English owe their dearly cherished



INTERESTING AS RECORDS OF EARLY 19TH-CENTURY SLANG—"A HAS-BEEN" AND "DUCK-CATCHING": ALKEN AQUATINTS IN A SPIRIT OF DICKENSIAN HUMOUR.

Henry Alken's humour, as expressed in his book of aquatints—"Symptoms of Being Amused"—is akin to that of "Pickwick." It is curious to find, from the titles of these examples, that the expression, "a has-been," generally considered modern, was current slang in 1822; while the operation now known as "catching a crab" was then termed "duck-catching."

belief that nearly all Frenchmen live on frogs and are either barbers or pastry-cooks.

There are jokes about fashions, like the well-known print by Richard Newton, in which the lady in the Directoire dress cries—

"Shepherds, I have lost my waist!
Have you seen my body?
Sacrificed to modern taste,
I'm quite a Hoddie-Doddy."

There are gibes at George IV.; at Wellington; fantastic visions of steam travel, both by land and in the air—in fact, endless prints from which something of interest as to how the world appeared to our ancestors can be learnt. In most subtlety is rather rare, while horseplay is considered excruciatingly funny. I repeat, the age was undeniably and outrageously coarse. Perhaps the work of Robert Dighton, who died in 1814, is an exception: the very slightest exaggerations, as in his portrait of an Oxford Don, are sufficient to produce an effect which is not only pleasing, but also extremely amusing.

As for Alken and his "Symptoms," their humour is, in general, as simple and direct as anything in "Pickwick," even if their taste is not always impeccable. As is to be expected, his horses are extremely well observed; he is not always quite so happy with men and women. One very odd and characteristic fault is that he doesn't seem able to draw anyone sitting down; there is the chair, and there is the person, but the two are not really in contact—a most curious weakness in a by no means unaccomplished artist.

If one may judge by one or two of the illustrations, he takes the same view of military glory as Dickens did fifteen years later in the account of the review at Rochester. The post-Waterloo generation evidently disliked soldiering no less than our own. As for the light Alken throws upon contemporary slang, that is both entertaining and invaluable.



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE A CENTURY AGO AS PORTRAYED BY A FAMOUS SPORTING ARTIST: A COLOUR PLATE FROM HENRY ALKEN'S "SYMPTOMS OF BEING AMUSED," PUBLISHED IN 1822.

Both Illustrations on this Page reproduced by Courtesy of E. Parsons and Sons.

incomparable both as a genuine artist and as a biting satirist. Next to him in importance is Gillray, less sure in his drawing, and more literary in his imagination; it is from his ferocious caricatures of Napoleon

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AN EXHIBITION OF ULTRA-MODERN GLASS FROM ITALY.

THERE is a great vogue for decorative glass just now, and no one should miss the interesting exhibition which begins on Tuesday, Nov. 25, at Bernard Nelson's, 243, Brompton Road, S.W. This exhibition, which lasts only four days, shows for the first time in England the work of Napoleone Martinuzzi, an Italian craftsman whose achievements are well known on the Continent. Martinuzzi expresses in glass what has been done in music, sculpture,



IN GLASS THE SHADE OF DEEP SAPPHIRES: A WONDERFUL MARTINUZZI VASE WHICH MAY BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION NEXT WEEK AT BERNARD NELSON'S, 243, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.



GROTESQUE ANIMALS FOR MODERN INTERIOR DECORATION: FASCINATING EXHIBITS BY NAPOLEONE MARTINUZZI IN NEXT WEEK'S EXHIBITION AT BERNARD NELSON'S.

painting, and furniture. His work is ultra-modern, embodying a love of the grotesque and a reverence for straight, simple lines.

The three photographs on this page are characteristic of the different types of his work. There are the animals, absurd and altogether fascinating. They are carried out in opaque, shiny-looking glass in beautiful colourings, with perhaps black toes and tails. They are ideal subjects for completing modern interiors. The other two pieces show quite another mood. They are bold and dignified, with beautiful lines and clear, translucent colours. The bowl, in

a curious "bubble" glass, has a beautifully carved sea-horse in the centre, which makes a vivid splash of colour. The bowl can be wired to hold a lamp. The vase on the left is of vivid blue glass, worked in an intricate design.

There are countless other lovely and interesting pieces of the same genre which are well worth seeing. Admission to the exhibition is free, and readers of this paper are cordially invited. Although it ends actually on Nov. 29, specimens of Napoleone Martinuzzi's work can always be seen at this address. The animals, by the way, are quite moderate in price, as they range from two guineas.



A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF MODERN ITALIAN DECORATIVE GLASS: A LAMP-BOWL CONTAINING A SEA-HORSE, BY NAPOLEONE MARTINUZZI, WHOSE WORK IS BEING SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND.

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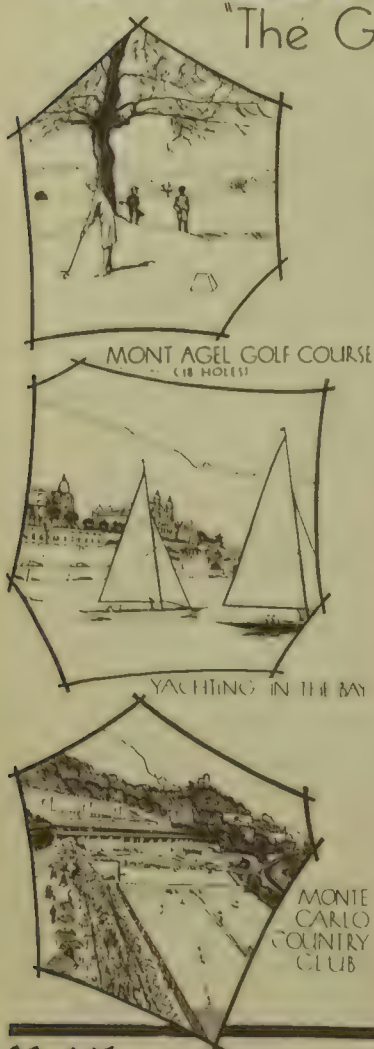
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"THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE."

(Continued from Page 922.)

1905 Einstein propounded the supposed new law of nature in the form—"Nature is such that it is impossible to determine absolute motion by any experiment whatever." The calculation cannot be made because there is no such thing as "absolute rest." "A ship which is becalmed is at rest only in a relative to the earth; but the earth is in motion relative to the sun, and the ship with it. If the earth were stayed in its course round the sun, the ship would become at rest relative to the sun, but both would still be moving through the surrounding stars. Check the sun's motion through the stars and there still remains the motion of the whole galactic system of stars relative to the remote nebulae. And these remote nebulae move towards or away from one another with speeds of hundreds of miles a second or more; by going further into space we not only find no standard of absolute rest, but encounter greater and greater speeds of motion."

So the idea of a mechanical, all-pervading ether has been dethroned, and the principle of Relativity "reigns in its stead." To get even a glimmering of what this principle means needs a great mental and imaginative effort. "The phenomena of electro-magnetism may be thought of as occurring in a continuum of four dimensions—three dimensions of space and one of time—in which it is impossible to separate the space from the time in any absolute manner. In other words, the continuum is one in which space and time are so completely welded together, so perfectly merged into one, that the laws of nature make no distinction between them, just as, on the cricket field, length and breadth are so perfectly merged into one that the flying cricket-ball makes no distinction between them, treating the field merely as an area in which length and breadth separately have lost all meaning."

The physical phenomena of the universe are to be explained in terms of this continuum. Matter, gravitational forces, are represented by "crumplings" of the continuum: even electro-magnetic forces may soon be reduced to the same lowly status. "If so, the universe will have resolved itself into an empty four dimensional space, totally devoid of substance, and totally featureless except for the crumplings, some large and some small, some intense and some feeble, in the configuration of the space itself." As a final figure of the universe, Sir James Jeans offers

the soap-bubble: "The universe is not the interior of the soap-bubble, but its surface, and we must always remember that, while the surface of the soap-bubble has only two dimensions, the universe-bubble has four—three dimensions of space and one of time. And the substance out of which this bubble is blown, the soap-film, is empty space welded on to empty time."

The closing chapter, in which Sir James shows the bearing of these remote, majestic abstractions on the origin and purpose of human life, has a poetical quality, and a tentative tone, that one does not usually associate with the utterances of scientists. "Many would hold," he says, "that from the broad philosophical standpoint the outstanding achievement of twentieth-century physics is not the theory of relativity . . . or the theory of quanta with its present apparent negation of the forces of causation, or the dissection of the atom with the resultant discovery that things are not what they seem; it is the general recognition that we are not yet in contact with ultimate reality." And another discovery is that the meaning of the universe is most likely to be apprehended by the most abstract of the sciences, pure mathematics. If the universe be susceptible of explanation by mathematicians, then man is not the anomaly, the accident, that he appeared to astronomers and physicists, nor are his processes of thought an irrelevance in the final sum of things.

"If the universe is a universe of thought, then its creation must have been an act of thought. Indeed, the finiteness of time and space almost compel us, of themselves, to picture the creation as an act of thought. . . . Time and space, which form the setting for the thought, must have come into being as a part of this act. . . . The new knowledge compels us to revise our hasty first impressions that we had stumbled into a universe which did not concern itself with life or was actually hostile to life. The old dualism of mind and matter, which was mainly responsible for the supposed hostility, seems likely to disappear . . . through substantial matter resolving itself into a creation and manifestation of mind. We discover that the universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds—not, so far as we have discovered, emotion, morality, or æsthetic appreciation, but the tendency to think in a way which, for want of a better word, we describe as mathematical." Even those of us who are not naturally mathematicians can take some comfort from this assurance.

L. P. H.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

(Continued from Page 938.)

child, virtually an orphan: his father was killed in the war, and his mother put a whole continent, another husband, and a policy of neglect between her and her hopeful son. Adrian was brought up among older people, a grandfather and an aunt, who loved him but were hardly companions for him. What wonder that at school and afterwards he formed, without much judgment, clinging attachments that brought him more pain than pleasure? Mr. Armstrong tells his story with that sympathy, insight, and scrupulous literary style that have made his novels prized by discriminating readers.

In "Unwillingly to School," Anne Allardice, to me a new novelist, has written an amazingly vigorous, humorous, and, at times, appalling account of the life and trials of a mistress in an elementary school. She excels in depicting relationships (e.g., between Jane and her second head-mistress, Miss Player) in which there is no love lost. Her love-affair with the clergyman is less convincing. Miss Allardice is one of those writers who describe squalor, poverty, mental and physical wretchedness, with such high spirits, she might be writing of a party or a picnic or other occasion dedicated to joy. She is a caricaturist; but her caricature preserves, in all its rich ugliness, the lines of the original. She is a promising writer.

"A Middle-Class Man" is yet another study of youthful idealism choked and corrupted by material prosperity. Socialist in his youth, and leader of a "revolutionary" band of Socialists, Jürgen becomes bourgeois in his middle age. But the conversion is only partial; a psychological "conflict" is set up, and not resolved without much fantastic (and, it must be admitted, improbable) behaviour on Jürgen's part. There is a great deal that is obscure in this book; it is more German even than most German novels. "Plain Murder," on the other hand, is almost too plain. To describe a man capable of committing two murders and projecting two more, without recourse to morbid psychology as an explanation of his actions, implies a conception of human nature which one would be loath to accept. But Mr. Forester has a powerful imagination which almost compels the reader into an unwilling suspension of disbelief.

Of all these books, the one I enjoyed most was Miss Grace Zaring Stone's "Bitter Tea." It is the story of a New England American girl who went to China to marry a missionary. But before she achieved that aim (if she ever did) the disorder of the times made her the guest—half-prisoner, half-guest—of General Chen. Her experiences under his hospitable roof, curious, enigmatic, never quite melodramatic, are subtly and delightfully told. Megan's position was humiliating, ridiculous, and dangerous; but her courage, her heart, her good manners, and her sense of humour are equal to the strain. The book raises many issues, moral and philosophical. It is an enchanting story.

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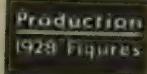
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Granada (Spain).—Partial view of the Alhambra.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

A FURTHER inducement for tourists and motorists to visit Vienna next summer will be the Vienna Grand Prix on June 14, 1931. This road race for cars will be unique in character, as the course is the famous Ringstrasse, the boulevard which circles the inner and more ancient part of this city. It has a length of about 5 kilometres, or 3 miles 1 furlong, and is the only town circuit I know of capable of adaptation for a speed contest. Usually one has to drive a few miles out of the nearest town to see any road contest in Europe. Here, however, it is at the door-step of one's hotel, so to speak, and all the usual bother of getting to and from the course is avoided. There is so much of interest to see in Vienna that a race such as this affords an excellent opportunity for a visit, and I expect many motorists will take advantage of it. Although since the Great War Vienna is not quite so gay as formerly, it is still a most enjoyable city, with plenty of bright places in which to spend the evenings.

Racing, and especially long-distance road races, has done very much to improve the "breed" of the automobile. Only last week Sir Herbert Austin informed the Institution (students) of the Automobile Engineers that, although he was not in favour of building racing cars merely for speed, yet he knew from thirty years' experience that speed trials of 250 miles to 500 miles gave information to the designer in a short period of time which could not be obtained in any other way. The public often write and ask me my views on racing, so I take this opportunity of chronicling Sir Herbert's opinion, which I can thoroughly endorse from an equally lengthy experience of speed contests. That is the reason why motorists should always support motor-racing. It leads to the improvement of cars by quickly discovering their faults when they take part in such trials.

New Motor Regulations.

By the time these lines are printed, England will be experiencing her new motor regulations, brought about by the operation of the Road Traffic Act of 1930. In the first place, every motor-driver or rider of a motor-cycle must carry (after Jan. 1) a certificate to show that he is able to indemnify

any person whom he (or she) may injure by an accident caused by the driver's fault. Visitors from abroad will not be excepted, so, before they will be allowed to drive their cars in this country, they must arrange with their own Triptique authorities that the R.A.C. or the A.A. shall hand them that certificate at the port of arrival. All our insurance companies are busily engaged making out these certificates to send to the people who insure their cars with them against third-party claims. Therefore, visitors from abroad should ask their own insurance people to give them a document to prove that they also are insured against personal claims for injuries to third parties, should such arise. Otherwise they must take out an insurance policy to cover these as soon as they arrive in Great Britain, if not covered beforehand by the R.A.C. or the A.A. organisations. Also, I fancy that, although international agreements cannot compel visitors to Great Britain to declare that their sight is good, and that they are not subject to fits or any disease or injuries, such as loss of an arm or leg, which might cause them to be unable to have proper control in motor-driving, they may have to sign some sort of declaration to that effect when obtaining the Triptique papers. After Dec. 1, or thereabouts, all applicants in Great Britain for driving licences or renewals of same have to sign a declaration stating that they can properly control a car, and that neither defective eyesight nor disablement nor disease will cause them to be a danger to others on the King's highway.

Coachbuilding from Chariot to Car.

Every carriage-owner who appreciates high-class coachwork should write to Messrs. Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd., South Audley Street, London, W.1, and ask them to post "From Chariot to Car," by Mr. Robert J. Priest. Barker's have been coachbuilders to monarchs since the days of Queen Anne, when the Barker of 1710 founded that business after leaving her Majesty's service as an officer in the Guards. Mr. Priest has written a most entertaining volume of the history of coachbuilding, taking the story of Barker's from the period of Queen Anne to the present day from actual records of this firm, and the earlier chapters from a wide field and many sources of information. As the foreword states, the sub-title could rightly be termed "The Romance of the Road," as we are told

here all about the vehicles used by man from the earliest down to the latest limousine and the racing motor-body of world-record making machines. Nothing seems new in this world, as the first sledge, recorded on the sculpture of the Temple of Luxor, is precisely similar to some of those used to-day. So Mr. Priest shows the reader how the chariot developed into the modern car. The illustrations are excellent, depicting every type of road carriage. The early motor-cars are here, so is the Duke of Wellington's coach and the copy of his account in Barker's old ledgers of February 1819. The special motor-shooting coach supplied to H.H. the Nawab of Bahawalpur is also illustrated, and, for a contrast, so is Captain Malcolm Campbell's "Blue Bird" racer—both built by Barker's. I wish coachbuilders' bills were as cheap as the one photographically reproduced of the Duchess of Bedford's account for May 24, 1788. Read this, and see how much work this firm did, and only charged the Duchess £1 3s. 6d. for this particular item. On the other hand, the State coach supplied to the Duke of Wellington cost £1800, a mighty vehicle with wonderful trappings and ornaments—the Rolls-Royce carriage of the period.

Motor-Cruising Rules of the Road.

Another book I have gladly added to my library is "Motor-Cruising," by Commander G. C. E. Hampden, R.N., published by James Nisbet and Co., Ltd., 22, Berners Street, London, W.1, price 12s. 6d. Commander Hampden needs no introduction to readers of this journal, as his weekly articles on marine caravanning have long been valued friends to "wet bob" motoring. Admiral-of-the-Fleet Earl Jellicoe writes an introduction to this excellent and interesting book, in which he states: "even the most experienced owner of a small yacht will find something in these pages which will be useful to him and to his amateur crew"; and every reader of Commander Hampden's book will agree with this statement. "Motor-Cruising" is full of sound advice and helpful tips. No owner of any boat, however small, should fail to read it, if only to master thoroughly the chapter on the rules of the road. How many amateurs really know these thirty-one articles, unless they have taken a yacht-master's certificate? Then such candidates must know by heart all the articles from Number 17 to 31, and pass a test with model

[Continued overleaf.]



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THE GROWING ZONE OF DISORDER.

(Continued from Page 912.)

it is, therefore, independent of the European convulsion. But whether it is a question of the Mexican Revolution, or whether it is a question of the troubles which have agitated South America for the last few months, both seem to be the last residue of the crisis which troubled Spanish America after she had succeeded in escaping from the authority of the Spanish Crown. To organise republics in countries which were nearly all very vast and sparsely populated was not an easy task: there was everywhere a long period of difficulties, *coups d'état*, dictatorships, revolutions, civil wars, which lasted longer in Mexico than in the Argentine or Brazil. During the past thirty years, political and administrative progress had been considerable in nearly all the States of Southern America, assisted by riches and a régime of order and liberty which was fairly solid, if not as refined as in the countries of older civilisation. It had been everywhere consolidated in them, and the world thought that, at least in the more important States of Spanish America, they had passed, once for all, through the period of turbulent beginnings.

We must admit to-day that that conclusion was a little too precipitate. The events in the Argentine and in Brazil made such a vivid impression upon Europe because they seemed to her like a recurrence of an illness which had been considered cured. Did Europe and the World War contribute to provoke that unexpected relapse? It is probable. The World War was a veritable Golden Age for the whole of America, North and South. The rapid rise of all prices caused a fabulous prosperity and feverish activity in those countries. Dazzled by the activity and by the marvellous fruits which it yielded, these countries did not, perhaps, pay sufficient attention to the perturbations which were the outcome of the fictitious prosperity and the indirect shocks which the war produced on the governmental machine of all countries, even of neutral ones. When the hour of low tide came, when the flood of fictitious prosperity ebbed back, political perturbation made itself more felt. And so the reactions began.

It is also possible that psychological influences were called into play. They are at least perceptible in the country in which the causes and the developments of the perturbations appear most clearly—in the Argentine. The Argentine Revolution seems to have been provoked by the attempt to establish a personal power of a dictatorial character. Carried away by his temperament, by the popularity which his previous presidency had assured him, and probably also by the bad examples of which Europe furnished only too many, the President had transformed his power into a dictatorship, and had prepared to quell forcibly any opposition which his attempt might provoke. The Army was the arm and active will of the nation, which did not want a dictatorship. It will have

rendered a great service to the country if that first violation of legality does not engender others, as so often happens.

The zone of disorder extends; anxiety increases; and the economic crisis, already grave and general, becomes more complicated. The fortunes of the rich classes evaporate in this general disorder. What can one do to try and stem the evil? In Asia it seems as if Europe can do nothing, except resist by the military and political means at her disposal as much as she possibly can. The crisis has causes so deep-rooted that they escape the perception of the Western mind. But in Europe and in America all the crises are the consequences of a psychological disorder which could, and should, be reacted against. America is carried along in the zone of disorder by the example of Europe; and such a great part of Europe is agitated by disorder because she is left to herself without any directing head.

From 1815 to 1914 Europe was under the influence of a principle, and consequently of a directing idea, led by the great dynasties which had made the peace of Vienna, and, as we have seen, had such a dread of revolutionary shocks. These dynasties had succeeded in imposing upon Europe, as the foundation of their authority, the hereditary principle of monarchy by subordinating and limiting the democratic principle of the Sovereignty of the People, which was represented by the French Revolution, by the English Constitution, and by the democracy of Northern America. One may judge the monarchy and the doctrines on which it is based as one pleases; there is no doubt that, for a century, from 1815 to 1914, the dynasties succeeded in making a solid unity of Europe which served as a model of order to the whole Western World, and even to the rising republics of Spanish America.

The most powerful of those dynasties were destroyed in 1918 and 1919. From the Germanic Courts, and from the great Slav Court of the North, the moral direction of Europe should have passed to the countries which represent the other principle of authority, which up till then had been subordinate, but became predominant with the crumbling away of the monarchical principle—in France, England, and, in a subordinate manner, by reason of its geographical distance, in the United States. Those countries ought to have said to the rest of Europe and America, through their diplomatists, their statesmen, their political parties, their newspapers, their jurists, their historians, and their philosophers: "There are only two principles of authority—that which we represent and that which was represented by the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Romanoffs. A people can live with one or the other of these principles, or try a combination of the two if they wish; but, if they cannot live under a monarchical principle, if they do not succeed in combining the two, the only thing they can do is to make the necessary effort to govern on the basis of the representative régime. All endeavours to revive the principle of monarchic absolutism by disguising it as a new and revolutionary principle from which

wonders are expected would only be a more or less futurist experiment which would end either in civil war or international war. A new form of government is not created from one day to another; it takes long preparation; and none of you, subjects of former absolute or semi-absolute monarchies, possess it. . . ."

Europe and America would be much quieter if that idea had been expressed, put into circulation, printed on the mind of the world, just as the idea that Europe was no longer to think of revolutions, or of creating republics, was impressed on the dynasties of 1815. But nothing was done. France and England shut themselves up within themselves to cure their wounds, which were serious; the United States turned their backs upon the Old World. The three great Liberal Powers seemed to admit that government was a problem which each people could, and ought, to solve as they pleased, as if it were a question of a matter in which they could allow themselves to make every experiment and give way to all caprices with impunity. Left to themselves, the peoples, who no longer knew how to govern themselves, started out on adventures in all directions. Russia set the example. For ten years imitators increased. Will Germany and the great States of America follow in their wake?

So, disorder increases and the world becomes a Tower of Babel. There must be a reaction. And, in order that there should be a reaction, it is necessary that those countries which have been at the head of the liberal movement for centuries should find strength to direct the spirit of the world which has gone astray.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

(Continued from Page 948.)

boats illustrating their complete knowledge. The navigation chapter is also most instructive and very interesting to read, as it tells how to take bearings and make allowances for tides in laying off a course. Added to the seamanship hints and helpful notes in this volume, there are the different types of motor-boats and how to handle and equip them. Commander Hampden has had a wide experience in all sorts of craft, so he is well able to give others the practical help he describes in "Motor-Cruising," in all its phases. He commanded a ship on Lake Victoria in East Africa; as a naval officer he commissioned the famous cruiser *Sydney*; and he was present at the engagement with the *Emden*, when he was wounded. He also played a great part in the organisation of the Coastal Motor-Boat Flotillas under Admiral Tyrwhitt, so that he has had a large experience with motor-boats, whether large or small—those craft so enticing to the amateur sailor.



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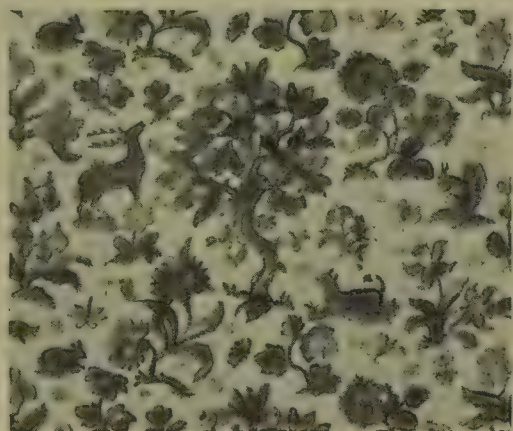
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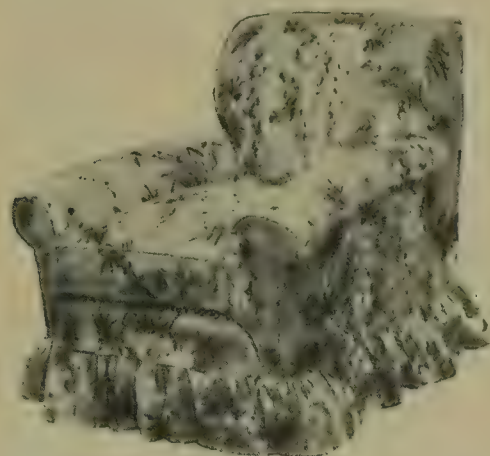
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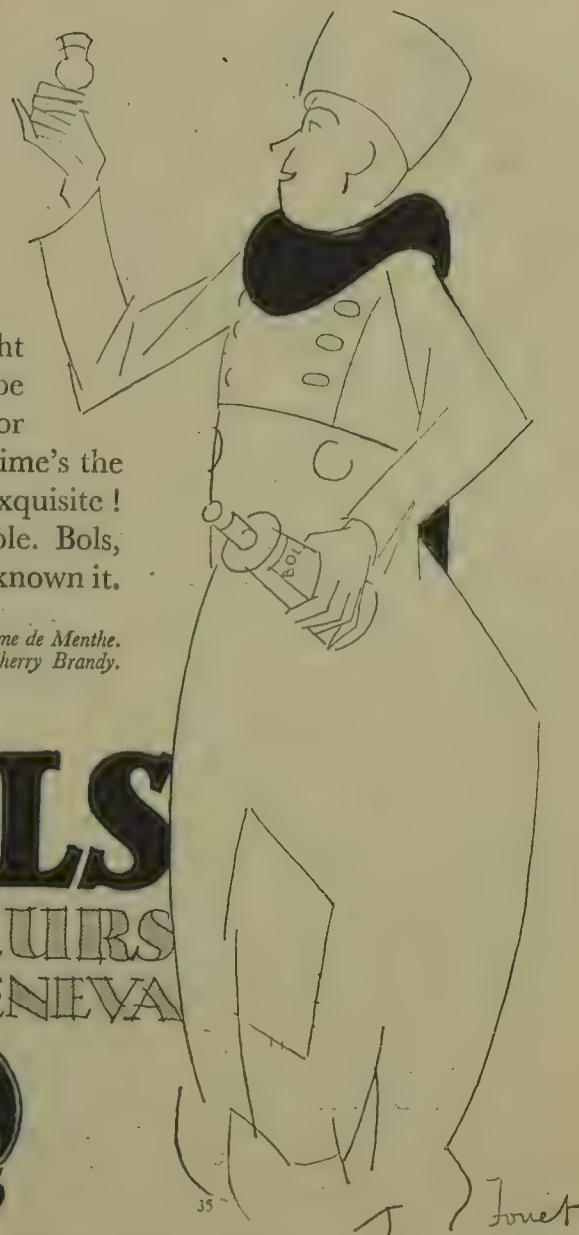
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE HOUSE OF DANGER," AT THE LYCEUM.

IF sufficiently young, Lyceum patrons will probably acclaim this "mystery" play "as good as a pantomime." Certainly there are any number of disappearances through trap-doors, and a final scene that has a curious affinity to the cave scene in "Aladdin"; though here it is not Abanazar, but the hero and heroine who are imprisoned. The play opens with a group of crooks, led by the usual masked and mysterious chief, whose line of business is radium stealing. The hero, a lazy, semi-witted, ne'er-do-well (this being the fashion in heroes at the moment), wanders, lamb-like, into the lion's den. Electrified iron gates incinerate whoever touches them; trap-doors open and plunge unwanted characters into whatever muddy waters of the Thames there may be down Dartford way. Electric signals hiss and flare, and the customary persecuted patient runs shrieking through the maniac doctor's consulting-room. The only touch of originality comes just at the end—though this was probably due to the flagging of the author's invention. The hero and heroine, imprisoned by their enemies, ring up the police and ask them to come along and release them. Still, to bring the curtain down on the police releasing you from a scrape that, had you consulted them in the beginning, you would never have got into, is hardly good melodrama. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, Miss Mary Glynn, and, indeed, all the members of the company, gave as adequate performances as their parts would permit.

"THE MAN WHO KISSED HIS WIFE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

This is a mildly amusing comedy that may serve to pass an evening pleasantly enough, but is hardly likely to achieve a long run. Mrs. Liden, it appears, was unfortunate enough to mislay her husband some seven or eight years before the curtain rises. However, he appears to have left her with adequate means, if three children. Mr. Liden seems not to have been missed by anyone, until Lady Seacombe (to whose son one of the Misses Liden is engaged) demands his presence at the wedding ceremony. So Mrs. Liden advertises for a husband. The first applicant

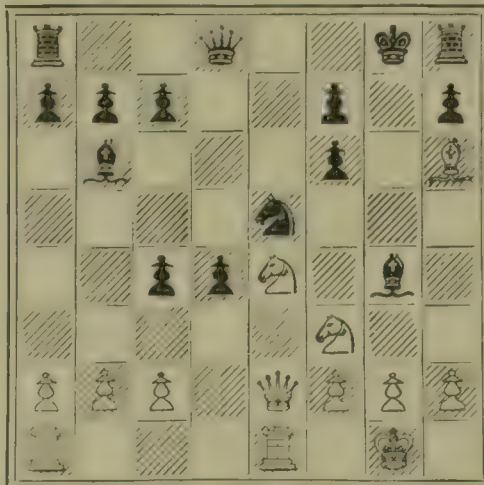
(Continued in Column Three.)

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

GAME PROBLEM No. LIV. BLACK (15 pieces).



WHITE (13 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: r2q2kr; ppp2p1p; 1b3p1B; 4s3; 2ppSrb1; 5Sa; PPP1QPPP; R3R1K1.]

Samson's surprise and delight when removing the honey from the lion's carcass can hardly have exceeded ours upon finding, in the *Social Chess Quarterly*, the "brilliance" given above in a game won by a famous footballer. Tennis and badminton have been well played by good chess-players, and the Chess Editor of the I.L.N. was well beaten last week by the captain of a suburban bowls club; but it is startling to find first-class football combined with first-class chess. The fact remains that in our Game Problem White was the Carthusian, Corinthian, and International centre-half, Mr. C. Wroford Brown. He is a member of the Empire Social Chess Club, though whether his treatment of Black can be described as truly social is a matter for debate. It is White to play, and he forces mate in six moves at most.

AUGUSTO GONZALEZ DANIES (London, Ont.).—H Q x P, R B4! and White has no mate in two.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4076 from A Huggins (Bloemfontein), J Montgomerie (Oxford Univ.), J Peters (Plumtree, S. Rhodesia), and E Hambleton (Penang); of No. 4077 from J W Smedley (Oldham), E Pinckney (Driffield), and John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 4078 from Senex (Darwen), E Pinckney (Driffield), E G S Churchill (Blockley), H W Burgess (St. Leonards), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and P J Wood (Wakefield); and of No. 4079 from L W Cafferata (Newark), J W Smedley (Oldham), H Richards (Hove), M Heath and J Kahn (London).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM No. L. from J Barry Brown (Naas) and John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. LI. from David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), J Barry Brown (Naas), H Richards (Hove), Julio Mond (Seville), and L W Cafferata (Newark); and of No. LII. from J Barry Brown (Naas), Frederick N Braund (Ware), and E G S Churchill (Blockley).

(Continued.)

for the post is a friend with whom she has been taking tea, on one night a week, for the past seven or eight years. The second is the real Mr. Liden, and there are the complications customary in comedy when two husbands claim the same wife. The dialogue is bright rather than witty. Miss Iris Hoey as Mrs. Liden succeeds in showing why her husband left her, and why a man who only saw her once a week desired to step into his shoes. Miss Kathleen Harrison gave another magnificent performance as a half-witted maid. Other acting competent.

"WOODEN SHOES," AT THE KINGSWAY.

The period of this play is 1860, and when Ouida's novel, written about the same time, appeared, it was probably found to be a simple and affecting little piece by our ancestors. But one wonders why, after all these years, Miss Beatrix Thomson thought it worth re-adapting for the stage. (Some half-a-dozen versions have already been produced.) Certainly the rôle of Bebee gave her no great opportunity. The play opens very slowly, and the Flemish yokels—stock characters, every one of them—make a dull background. The aged grandfather dies, leaving Bebee, a girl of sixteen, to face the world alone. She spurns the honest love of a local farmer, and offers herself to a world-famous painter. He, however, respects her innocence and returns to Paris; whither she eventually follows him. Finding him in the silken arms of another, she goes home with the intention of dying of one of those wasting diseases peculiar to the period of the play. Just before the final fall of the curtain, she recovers sufficiently to cheer her still faithful country lover with a promise of complete restoration to health. A simple, ingenious play that is very unlikely to make a general appeal. Miss Beatrix Thomson was very good in a rôle that was too affectedly bright and girlish in its early stages, and too debilitated in its latter, to give her the scope to make the individual success such a play requires if it is to attract the public.



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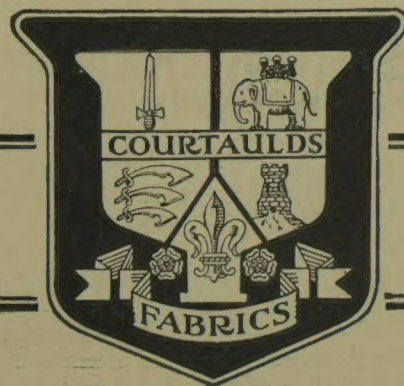
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 935.)

The remedy, drastic, and even nauseous at first, was speech and sound. And with Hollywood's vocal, defiant challenge to a startled world magic grew once again about the shadow-show. People flocked to hear what previously they had disdained to see.

This was less than three years ago. And in the interval we have heard the talking-screen pass from experimental dreadfulness to something to which it is now possible to apply definite standards, though these standards have been established by the few rather than the many productions in the new medium. Such films as "The Blue Angel," in which speech, reduced to a minimum, intensifies instead of distorting the silent, visual appeal; "The Love Parade," exemplifying the ideal use of music and song in romantic comedy; "Hell's Angels," where the drone of innumerable planes assumes a far more definite personality than the pigmy personalities of the actors; and—from our own Elstree—"Murder!" and "The Man from Chicago," in which hearing is as important as sight, are still the brilliant exception, not the rule. The novelty of speech only too soon became the commonplace of chatter, and producers walked gaily, but apparently blindfold, along the rut of repetition and mechanical facility.

And now, despite the few outstanding signposts that have been set up along the road of artistic integrity and vitality, and before any universal attempt has been made to assimilate and apply the lessons of the past, we are threatened with a new mechanical innovation—the wide screen. Doubtless the creation of the immense kinema-houses now being built in different parts of the country has done much to hasten the coming of this, in some ways, most admirable device. In exterior settings its effect can, and often will be, magnificent, as well as in spectacular

groupings of choruses and crowds. Doubtless, too, it will lead before long to the almost complete elimination of the "close-up." For it is inconceivable that even those who sit in the highest tiers of seats in our film-palaces will tolerate the human face or legs persistently enlarged to nightmare proportions.

Nevertheless, its projected general adoption is a menace in the present stage of development of the talking-screen. The house of sound and speech has not yet been satisfactorily set in order; much of it needs rebuilding from the foundations. To concentrate money, time, and effort now on what is but a fresh mechanical adjunct is an act of weakness, not of strength. For it implies a complacent acceptance of current standards that are often so far short of perfection as to be almost ludicrous, or a subservience to sensationalism that is likely, in the long run, to defeat its own ends.

With reference to a photograph in our issue of Oct. 11 with the title (as supplied) "Stahlhelm colours escorted by Reichswehr troops: a 'Steelhelmet' demonstration at Wiesbaden," several German correspondents have pointed out that this description is incorrect. One writes: "As the uniforms depicted are those of the old German Army, which are no longer worn by the Reichswehr, it is obvious that this photograph represents some pre-war incident, probably the escorting of the flag of some regimental association or veterans' club. I may add that the Reichswehr troops are forbidden to take part in any demonstrations of the Stahlhelm."

An interesting history of woman's dress, from 4000 B.C. to the present day, has just been issued by Marshall and Snelgrove in the form of a novel catalogue, and will be sent post free to all readers who apply mentioning the name of this paper. The modern fashions are illustrated on one page, and facing these are the historical modes, with amusing little

commentaries by the side. It is evident that this season's models have sought inspiration from several bygone periods of dress.

There are hundreds of young people who long to enjoy the delights of a winter-sports holiday, but are debarred by the fact that they know of no party to join. But there are really excellent "Initiation Parties" organised by Thomas Cook and Son, whereby small groups of young people go out under the chaperonage of an experienced host and hostess who are guides, philosophers, and friends in all the sports and gaieties. Full particulars of these expeditions are given in the comprehensive Winter-Sports booklet obtainable at this firm's many branches. There are also inclusive parties arranged, and the entire cost of the holiday at many different resorts is clearly given, as well as detailed descriptions of each place.

In this age of specialisation, it is not surprising to find that designers of modern footwear have given particular attention to the peculiar needs of devotees of field and water recreations. Three outstanding examples occur in the well-known Hood "Bullseye" range of all-rubber boots, that are entirely waterproof. One that is very popular on moor and mountain is the "Deerfoot"—a comfortable lace-up boot fitting neatly round the calf, the uppers of which are exceptionally tough and "snag-proof," whilst the stout grey rubber soles will withstand the most severe wear and tear under all conditions, and can be worn for hours at a stretch. Fishermen and yachtsmen are catered for by the Hood "Bullseye" "Storm-King" boot, which reaches well up the thigh and grips firmly by a quick adjustment of the strap. Another similar type, but fastening to the waist, is the Hood "Bullseye" hip-boot. All sports outfitters and footwear specialists supply the Hood "Bullseye" range, which is marketed by C. W. Randall and Co., Ltd., of 143, Shoreditch High Street, London, E.1, and 19, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow.

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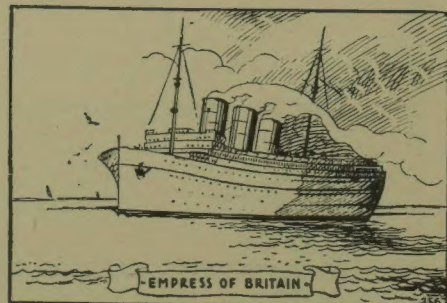
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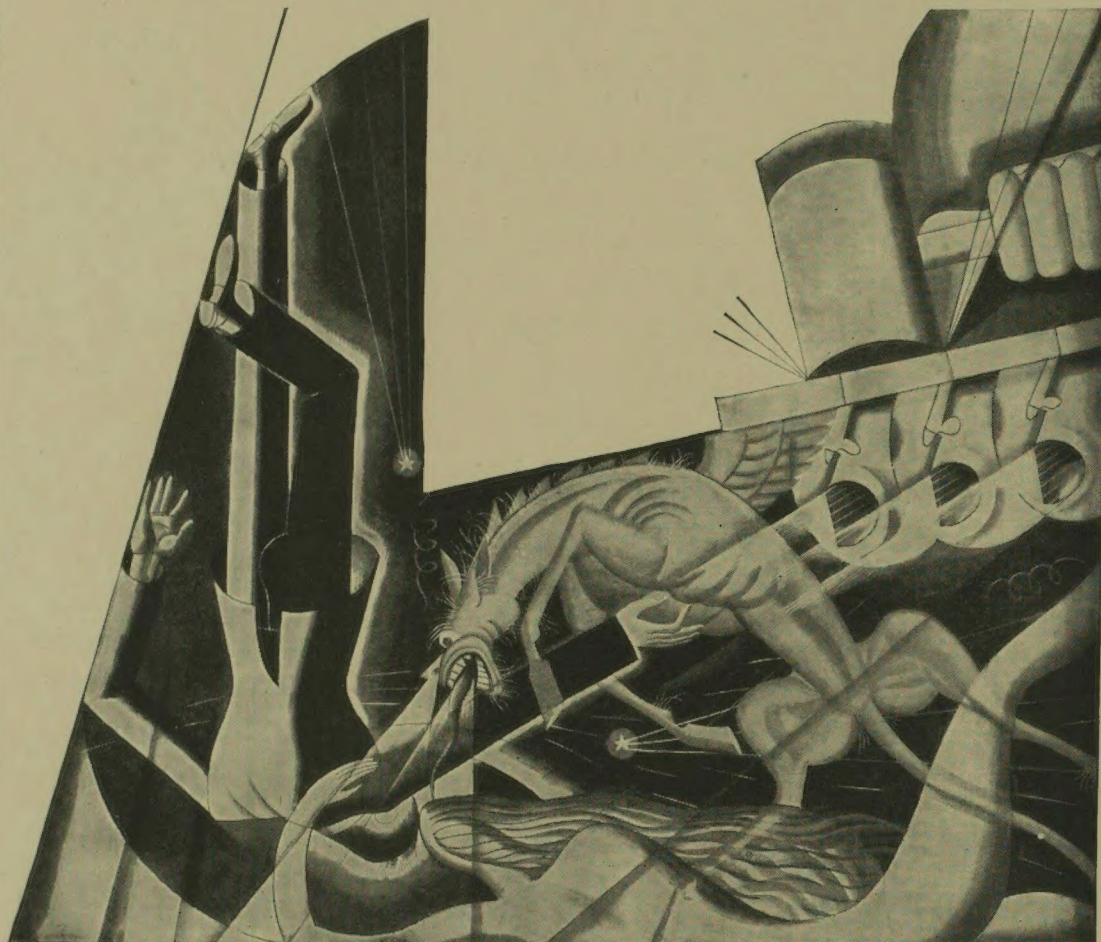
It may be weeks before you try again; but the day will come



I do not wish to sensationalise, I deal in facts. And here is one fact which will loom larger and larger in the immediate times ahead; unless something radical is done about the cocaine and heroin traffic, we shall be breeding a high racial percentage of idiots twenty or thirty or forty years on. I have no doubt that something will be done—although the task is dreadfully difficult—but my job here at the moment is to try to set down a living picture of the present state of the dope traffic, together with its effects. Several months' cruising round Europe led to the assembling of the material here collated. Brussels, Bordeaux, Berlin, Vienna, Tunis, Toulon, Paris, Geneva, Marseilles, are only a few places that come to mind. The thing is widespread, and for reasons which will become apparent. It might be as well if the zealous League spared a little of its time and energy from attacking the British Empire over the opium traffic and diverted its talent towards routing out and curbing the ravages of the Crystal Fairy. Opium sends one quietly into dreamland, whatever its subsequent workings. Cocaine and heroin breed criminals, wrecks, lunatics, and have the direct opposite effect of smoking a soothing "pill."

An Article few people Could Write

Much has been written upon the evil of the drug-taking menace, but it has not often fallen to the lot of an experienced journalist to secure so vivid a picture of the "snow" taker's hallucinations then the descent, deeper and deeper, until death can be but little beside what the addict goes through. The story is hard to write because the addict cannot tell.



"It may be hoped that the day is not far distant when the control of the manufacture of such drugs in all countries, as urged by the Committee of the League of Nations, will cut to the root of an evil against which civilised opinion is thoroughly roused."—"Daily Telegraph."

In "THE CRYSTAL FAIRY," by Ferdinand Tuohy, amazing revelations unmask the growing traffic in tragedy from dope cocaine — heroin! Read this remarkable article in the November issue of BRITANNIA & EVE.

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